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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 181.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 22, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo] **Queen Alexandra and her Suite in the Island of Capri** [*MM. Cerio and Serena*

Her Majesty landed from H.M.S. *Sentinel*, much to the delight of the islanders, whose reception of her was most enthusiastic. The photograph shows the Queen accompanied by Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox and Captain Colin Keppel, while just behind are walking Princess Victoria and the Duchess d'Aosta

No. 181.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The Brown Portmanteau." By Curtis Yorke. (Jarrold: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday May 22, 1907

It is certainly a brilliant season. What with the Imperial Conference, the influx of distinguished foreigners, and the arrival (by telegram) of the Spanish heir, London has never worn a more cheerful aspect. Many a little Fushimi Botha Smith and Alfonso Whitmonday Jones will be able to tell his grandchildren what a year 1907 was.

* * *

Even the weather seems to be coming up to scratch. Meteorologists, a cautious race, who began by prophesying a cold, wet summer, are now advancing the view that June, July, August, and September may be hot and dry. Straw-hat makers are buoyant, and the riverside fraternity are said to be thinking of charging for boats by the dollar instead of by the shilling. They believe it will simplify matters for so many of their clients.

* * *

It is a kindly thought, in view of the American invasion this year, which is declared to be quite unprecedented. Of course, all Americans are not in the same difficulty—as regards money—as is Mr. Schwab, ex-President of the Steel Trust. He cannot rid himself of the burden entailed by his millions, and live the simple life that he hankers after. Mr. Carnegie seems to have made such a corner in charities that there isn't a chance for any other millionaire. It is a hard case—Mr. Schwab's—but, as a Semitic immigrant was heard to observe the other day, some people would not mind "schwabbing."

* * *

Three dogs trained in Red Cross ambulance work were recently imported from Germany for the Sultan of Turkey, and now Armenians are fearing that, in order to show off the admirable way in which they bring aid to the wounded, the Sultan will give orders for a massacre to take place.

* * *

Will women really do as shop-walkers? The *Mail* says that they are fast replacing men in this capacity, and that "a woman establishes more friendly and confidential relations with the customers than is possible in the case of a man." There is a good deal in this view. A masculine shop-walker is all very well for pointing out where the hat department is, but he would only look worried if you began to tell him that your husband was in the habit of beating you.

* * *

At the same time, it must be remembered that women are not always more sympathetic than men. Even the *Mail* would hesitate to describe the relations which exist between post-office customers and the young ladies who sell them stamps as friendly and confidential.

* * *

The Grappling Iron Nuisance
The sort of thing pedestrians may expect in the very near future
(By Leo Cheney)

The Russian revolutionaries are rather annoyed that their secret conferences should have been reported at such length in the papers. While anxious to acknowledge the sympathy with which they have been treated in this country, they cannot help feeling that their secrets would have remained more secret if they had not been quite so fully published in the English Press.

* * *

At the same time, they admit that the advantages of the Russian censorship are becoming much more apparent to them than they ever believed possible. For, as the censor blacks out all obnoxious matter in foreign papers before admitting them to circulation, it is quite possible that their utterances will not, after all, come to the ears of the police.

* * *

Glass hair is the latest triumph of Art over Nature. You can have a glass wig, or a glass *toupée*, or even glass whiskers, if you want them, stained to the colour you fancy, and curled or waved to suit any taste. Very soon we shall, no doubt, have the story of the little girl, who, being sent down in advance to entertain her mother's guests, announces, "Please, mother will come soon, but she's dropped her hair, and broke it."

* * *

The German Navy League has decided that the Kaiser must be given a whole squadron of *Dreadnoughts*, as, to use their own words, "this will be the surest guarantee of peace." Germans, who do not

To Ireland for Whitsuntid

(By Frederic Whiting)

belong to the Navy League, somewhat ruefully admit the truth of this statement. As they say, after paying for a squadron of *Dreadnoughts*, even Germany will not be rich enough to go to war.

* * *

By the way, we thoroughly approve of the suggestion made by a Teutophobe, that, before tipping German waiters, Englishmen should insist upon the fellows promising not to spend the money on rifles.

* * *

The demand of the Women's Social and Political Union for the small sum of £20,000 from the public is a modest one, and when the public remembers how much may be done with it, we are sure the sum will be forthcoming. With considerably less funds in hand the W.S.P.U. secured the arrest of ninety-six Suffragettes, or—in terms of sentences served in prison—191 weeks, equivalent, in board-residence, to quite the same number of pounds. The additional money should augment these figures in a most satisfactory manner.

* * *

From Day to Day

(*The Diary of a Prince*)

10th.—Born at 12.30. Cannot say I thought much of this event myself, but people seemed to find it interesting. Heard Doctor say "Boy"; shortly after fell asleep. I hear there were bells rung, cannon fired, etc. Curious.

My father was so delighted that he went and shot pigeons.

11th.—Was taken to see my subjects on silver salver. Got good view, but salver uncomfortable. Better really for carrying letters, or coffee-cups. Subjects delighted. Query: Did they all go and shoot pigeons?

12th.—Registered and named. Names are: Alfonso Pio Cristino Eduardo Francisco Guillermo Carlos Enrique Eugenio Fernando Antonio Venancio. Did not really want so many, but could not convey wishes to Registrar. Wept slightly. Query: Shall I have to remember them all? Great bother.

Several murderers reprieved on my account. My personal wishes not consulted, however. Slept.

13th.—Slept again. A good many people called to inquire after me. Very good of them.

14th.—Hear that Pope is to be my sponsor, in accordance with immemorial tradition. Long word—"immemorial." But "Pope" short. Do not mind in any case. Slept a good deal.

15th.—Baptised. Same names as before. Shall probably answer to the name of Alfonso—when I begin answering. Query: Will Alfonso be shortened? Not to Alf, I hope, even in England.

Later.—Received Orders of the Golden Fleece and of Carlos III., together with Grand Cross of Isabel the Catholic. Papa presented them. Very kind of him, but should have preferred to sleep.

Still later.—Slept.

16th.—Professor Gutierrez and Dr. Glendinning very satisfied with my progress. Seems to take very little to satisfy doctors. Sleeping does it, and a good appetite. Gutierrez been made Marquis, and very delighted. Suppose he will go and shoot pigeons?

17th.—Going strong. Been sleeping a good deal. Put on 1½ oz. Am very delighted with world in general myself. Rum place, but pleasant. Hope to shoot pigeons myself some day, but must go to sleep now.

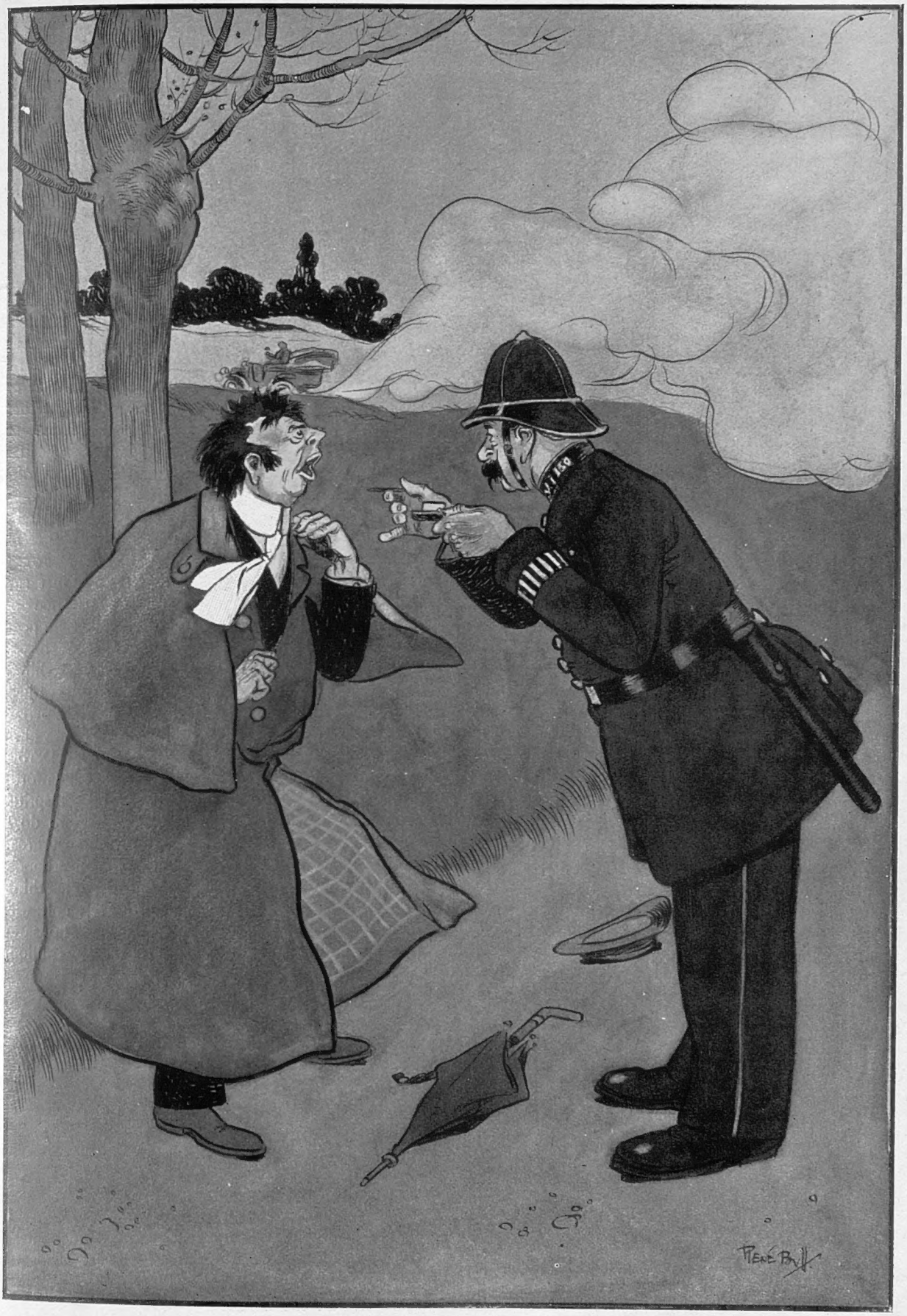
* * *

The Government, at the last meeting of the Conference, agreed to one of the Premiers' proposals for the good of the Empire. The cause of the carelessness has not yet leaked out.

Miss d'Auvergne Upcher's Concert

Few young singers justify their appearance under Royal patronage better than did Miss d'Auvergne Upcher at her first concert at the Æolian Hall the other Saturday. Possessed of a true contralto voice of full and round quality, Miss Upcher has evidently spared no work in training it—indeed, it is to be hoped that those responsible for her musical education will guard against the error of over-training, which has been known permanently to ruin promising voices before now. There have of late been few singers who, under the trying conditions of a first appearance, would have given equally artistic renderings of Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba" and Haydn's fascinating "Spirit Song." Time and experience alone give the artist that insight which is essential to the full expression of such gifts of temperament as she is fortunate enough to possess. Miss Upcher evidently possesses individuality; the knowledge of how to employ it to the best effect is certain to come in due course.

The End of His Tether



CONSTABLE: "Did yer notice what was the number of the car?"
TERRIFIED TEUTON: "*Nein!* He pass too kvick."
CONSTABLE: "Would yer swear to the driver again?"
T. T.: "*Himmel!* But I know no more vords."

BY RENE BULL

RACING NOTIONS

"A GLANCE AT THE DERBY." By "CARBINE."

Slieve Gallion a Hot Favourite

Little save the Derby and its prospects will be talked of in racing circles during the ensuing fortnight. At the moment of writing Slieve Gallion is a stronger favourite than ever, and he looks like holding his position to the end. Immediately after the Jubilee at Kempton Park he tightened in price, but that was not because Polar Star's success had the slightest bearing upon Slieve Gallion's chances in the Derby, but rather because the two colts had been heavily backed in "doubles," and the prudent bookmaker has, of course, to cover himself somehow. These lines were penned on the 15th inst., so whether Orby came satisfactorily out of his public trial in Ireland to which he was to be submitted on Whit Monday, or whether anything of importance concerning Galvani has turned up, are matters of which I am totally ignorant. I fully expect to see one or two changes during the ensuing fortnight which will cause Slieve Gallion to expand a little in price.

Some Likely Outsiders

Your average holiday-making visitor to Epsom races does not like hot favourites. He won't lay odds, nor is even money in a big field good enough for him. Thus he is sure to try to find something to beat Slieve Gallion on June 5. And those who want to back an outsider will have plenty of scope. Woolwinder is bound to have a following. He is a charming colt, and that little which he has been called upon to do in public this season has been accomplished in splendid style. Here, then, is a good specimen for those looking out for 20 to 1 chances. Another is St. Petersburg, a fine, slashing, cut-and-come-again sort of colt, who may possibly repeat the surprises of Sir Hugo and Jeddah. Further, there is Ouadi Halfa. The French colt made many admirers by the workmanlike manner in which he won the Two Thousand at Longchamps, and if M. Blanc sends him across the Channel, he is sure to carry no end of French money, for are not our Gallic friends floating on the flood-tide of success in English racing just now? But it is by no means certain that M. Blanc intends to send the colt to Epsom, so don't back him until he reaches these shores.

Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

The Only Lady Trainer

Miss May Woodland, with Mr. Hodgson, for whom she will train in France. On the left is Mr. Payne, the well-known steeplechase rider

Concerning Orby

Readers will know that I am partial to Orby, and, unless anything occurs to persuade me to the contrary during the next fortnight, I shall certainly select him for a place. I knew how good the colt was expected to be last year, but he was disappointing in public then. I saw him again at the Liverpool Meeting, and was charmed with him. He is a beauty, and won his race in a canter. No Irish-trained horse, so far as my memory serves me, has ever won the Derby, and that may tell against Mr. Croker's colt; but it would be rash to go against him solely on that account, and my advice to those who are working out the Derby prospects is not to disregard Orby.

Bezonian and Others

After Olympian's sorry display last week we must say good-bye to his chance of winning the Derby for the peer whose name the race bears. The Duke of Devonshire's Acclaim, who beat Linacre just on the post after a desperate finish for the Newmarket Stakes, is not entered for the Derby, but his Grace of Chatsworth has a candidate in Hillsprite. Neither him nor Linacre do I fancy, and I am not a great believer in Bezonian, though some of the shrewd ones think that Lord Rosebery's colt will reverse the Two Thousand running with Slieve Gallion, believing that the Epsom gradients and turns will suit him better. We shall see.

The Manchester Cup

Meanwhile, the Manchester Cup on Friday next calls for attention. Bibiani is likely to be well backed after her prominent running at Chester, and perhaps Larino may make up for his two costly failures this season. But my choice is **Spate**, who won easily over this course last November, and ran very well for the distance in the Chester Cup. Best of the remainder I like Killeagh. In the absence of Orby, the Red Rose Stakes on Thursday should be won by **All Black**, and on Saturday **Billy Boy** may take the Devonshire Plate.

The Manchester Cup, 1907

Twenty-four inches high, of solid gold, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd.

Racing Statesman's Political Triumph

Mr. Henry Chaplin and the Turf

Wimbledon is as sporting a neighbourhood as there is to be found around London, and it is eminently appropriate, therefore, that the constituency should have returned by a mighty majority that notable sportsman, Mr. Henry Chaplin. In these days, when the faddist and spoil-sport are rampant in the land, when from one day to another we cannot tell whether racing, hunting, and other branches of sport will not be seriously interfered with by meddlesome politicians with Socialistic tendencies, it is excellent to have a man like Mr. Chaplin in the Lower House. There are few things about racing that he does not know, and the Turf will find in him a worthy champion whenever its welfare is assailed.

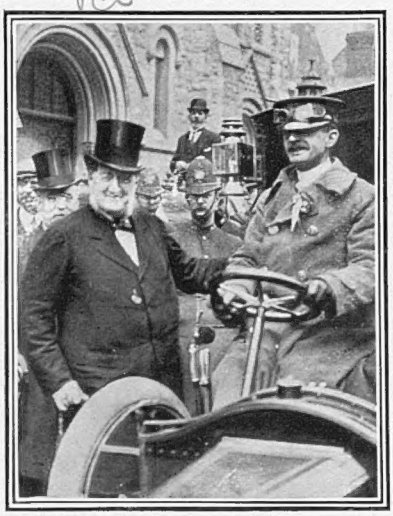


Photo *"Graphic" Photo Agency*

Mr. Chaplin again M.P.

Leaving Queen's Hall, Wimbledon, after the declaration of the poll

Hermit's Memorable Derby

Mr. Chaplin's election has been well timed by the good folk of Wimbledon, for it is just forty years ago since he won the Derby with Hermit. Never were more romantic circumstances attached to a classic race. How Mr. Chaplin's intended bride was married instead to the late Marquis of Hastings, how that reckless "plunger" laid phenomenal sums against Hermit, and how Mr. Chaplin was able to win a fortune over the race after his horse had broken a blood-vessel—all these would seem to be incidents culled from highly coloured fiction rather than from real life. The Marquis of Hastings lost £103,000 over that memorable Derby; but "I didn't show it, did I?" he said, half proudly, half defiantly. Those were stirring times in the history of the Turf, and we rejoice that Mr. Chaplin, as brave a fighter as ever, is still here to remind us of them. The M.P. for Wimbledon is one of the oldest members of the Jockey Club, having been elected as far back as 1864, in which year His Majesty the King also joined.

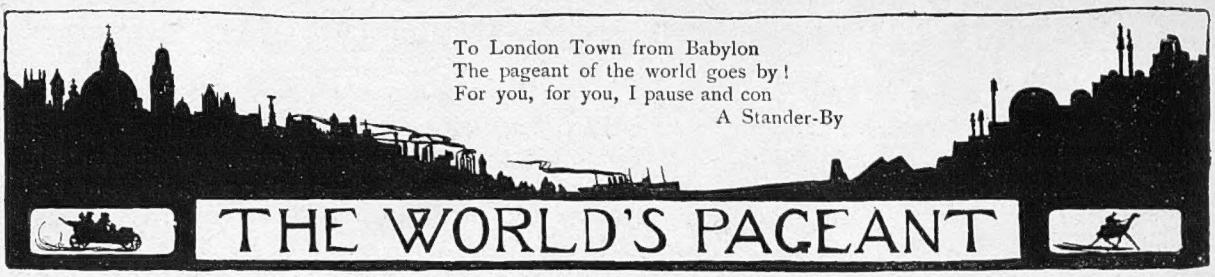
Politically Speaking

That Mr. Chaplin's victory is a triumph for Tariff Reform is of course, insisted upon. Whatever was the exact cause in which Mr. Bertrand Russell enlisted his 3,299 votes — Suffrage or Free Trade — there is no earthly doubt that the 10,263 people who voted for Mr. Chaplin knew that, in doing so, they were voting for Protection.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Chaplin's Victory at Wimbledon: Cheering the Unsuccessful Candidate, the Hon. Bertrand Russell (on the extreme right)

Wimbledon is a constituency which takes a great interest in sport of all kinds, so that the victory of the fine all-round sportsman, Mr. Chaplin, is an exceedingly popular one. It is, by the way, just forty years since Wimbledon's new M.P. won his memorable Derby with Hermit



The King and Queen

Whitsuntide, it had been arranged, was to have been spent by the King and Queen at Windsor, where the Prince and Princess of Wales (at Frogmore) have been in residence. Queen Alexandra, however, again delayed her return to England. The King, therefore, having returned to Town from Newmarket late on Thursday, remained in London in order to be present at the Military Tournament on Friday, and left again on Saturday to motor down to Reigate Priory, where he spent the week-end with Captain and Mrs. Ronald Greville. The Queen left Corfu, on her return home, last Wednesday. The first June Court has been fixed for the 6th, and a day or so later the King and Queen of Denmark arrive in England. Fortunately, no Court functions have previously necessitated the Queen's presence. Hence her ability to indulge for so long her well-known passion for globe-trotting.

* * *

Rumoured Royal Betrothals

For quite a long time now the quidnuncs who prophecy Royal engagements have neglected to assign a bride either to Prince Arthur of Connaught or to the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, two *partis* whose matrimonial affairs tarry. The news, however, that the Duchess of Cumberland, the Queen's sister, is to visit England in the late summer, has given rise to the not altogether unlikely surmise that there are probabilities of a Connaught-Cumberland alliance being arranged. The Cumberlands exchange visits constantly with Princess Gustavus of Sweden, and a meeting took place between Prince Arthur and the Princess Olga of Cumberland in the early Spring, when the Prince was visiting his sister. The young Duke of Cumberland is extremely delicate. The chances, therefore, that a match will be arranged between him and Princess Patricia are more remote.

* * *

A Morganatic Affair

As for the Grand Duke Michael, it is hopeless work trying to induce him to take unto himself a Royal bride. He is, writes an exceptionally well-informed correspondent from St. Petersburg, "quite irretrievably" in love with the daughter of a Russian noble, who has for some years been in waiting on the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Tsar. His mother, the Dowager-Empress, is vastly distressed on her son's account, and her visit to England was chiefly connected with her son and his matrimonial prospects. The Grand Duke is one of those apparently simple, easy-going men who are the most difficult to move once they do set their hearts on anything. He is very shy, and of very simple habits, and it is well known that nothing would please him better than to be allowed to contract a morganatic marriage.

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

The Duke of Grafton

Who celebrates his eighty-sixth birthday next month

* * *

A Crimean Veteran

The aged Duke of Grafton, who will shortly be celebrating his eighty-sixth birthday, is still, but for his almost total blindness, very active and robust. He served in the Crimea, and was one of those who mounted the heights at the battle of Alma, being one of the few to survive. His Duchess, one of the Balfours of Whittinghame, died half a century ago, and he has never re-married. Of late years, the Duke has had much ill-luck in the way of fires. His Suffolk seat, Euston Hall, from which his eldest son takes his title, has only lately been completely restored after a conflagration which reduced it almost to ashes. Only a short time ago, Wakefield Lodge, his house on the borders of Wychwood Forest, caught fire, and it was only with enormous effort that that, too, was not burned to the ground. Lord Euston, the Duke's heir, is himself not far off sixty. He, too, is a widower.

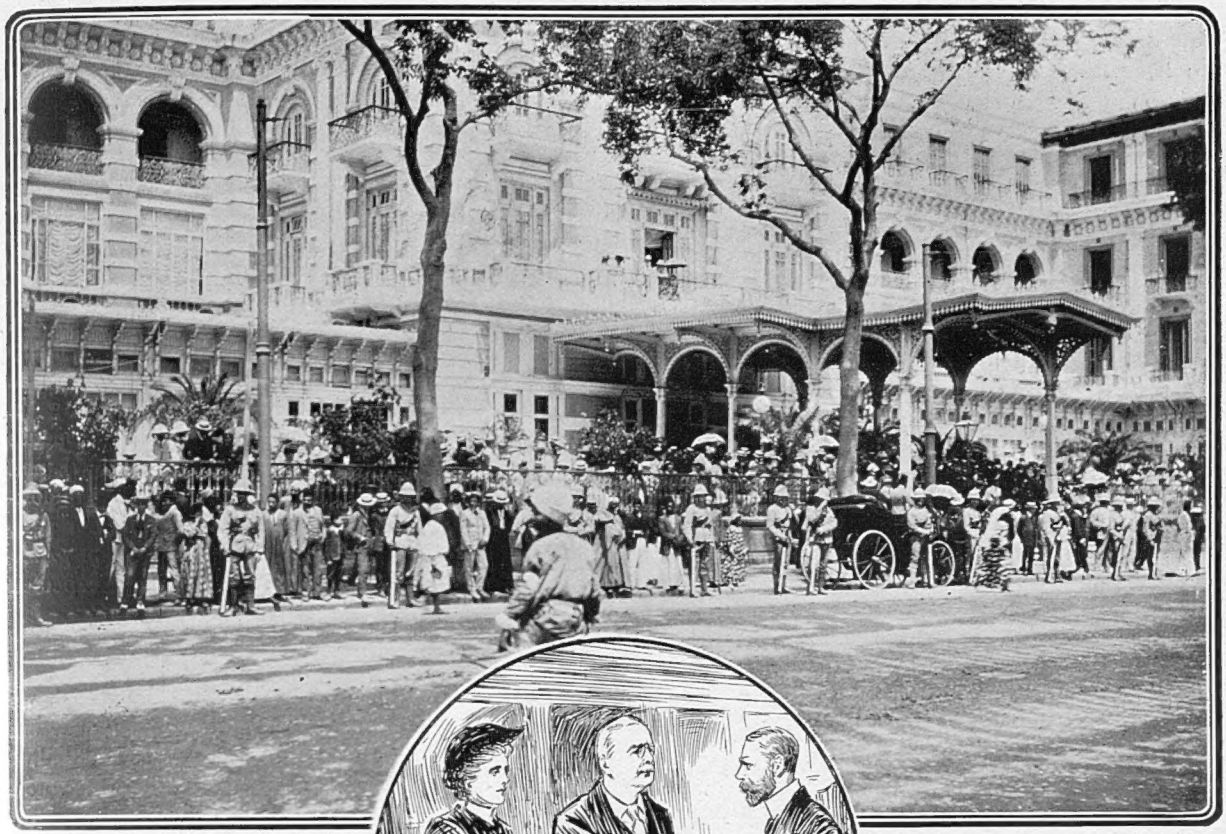
* * *

Legislators at Play

Our snapshot on page 386 of Mr. Reginald McKenna and of his brother, Mr. Ernest McKenna, at play will interest those who know the Education Minister only as a somewhat severe exponent of Front Bench Radicalism. Mr. McKenna is as good a swimmer as he is an oarsman, and that is saying a good deal, for he stroked bow in the Cambridge University Eight of 1887, won the Grand and Stewards' Cups at Henley, and is even now constantly to be met on the river at Datchet keeping himself in training. He is a disciple, by the way, of that other keen ex-oarsman, Sir Charles Dilke, whose house is at Shepperton.

Farewell! A Long Farewell!

LORD CROMER LEAVES THE LAND WHICH CALLS HIM ITS FIRST REFORMER



Lord Cromer Leaving Cairo
The terrace of the Continental Hotel crowded with visitors to see Lord Cromer

Lord and Lady Cromer welcomed by the Prince of Wales at Victoria
Reproduced by kind permission of the "Daily Graphic"

Photos *F. Wade*

Natives congregate near Cairo Station to witness the departure of Lord Cromer

"Egypt," writes Mohammed Bey Wahid in a Cairo paper, "bids farewell to-day, with profound regret, to its first reformer, the first founder of justice and permanent prosperity, the first ruler who combined mercy with justice since the days of Omar and Saladin. . . . Grateful Egyptians wish him health and happiness, and thank him from all their hearts for what he has done for Egypt"

Stern Measures for India

As a barrister, Mr. McKenna was making a large income. When the call to politics came, he forsook all to follow it. He spends many holidays at Etretât, where our snapshot was taken. He is unmarried.

* * *

Irony and India

Ironic situations in the House of Commons are common enough to be ignored. They are served up hot every day in the Parliamentary frying-pan. But, sometimes, one more ironic than the rest strikes the attention. Mr. Morley, of all people, for instance, approving of "severe" methods in the suppression of unrest in India, surely constitutes a record in ironics. Ireland for the Irish, Egypt for the Egyptians, but India—no, not yet India for the Indians. "I, for one," said Mr. Morley, "am determined not to strip the Government of India of any weapon which the law places in our hands for the suppression of these diso ders."

* * *

The Anglo-Indian View

Even as it is, it is just as well, it seems, for the fate of the Bengali agitator that the India Office is not made up of Anglo-Indians. From a letter just received from Calcutta, I extract the following :—

> It isn t any good just deporting these seditious devils. There is only one remedy for sedition in India—it is the cannon's mouth. Put half a hundred of them in front of it, and there would be no more unrest in India. There would have been no Mutiny had this same cannon's mouth had more of a say fifty years ago.

That may be taken as the Anglo-Indian feeling in the matter, and, if the Anglo-Indian had not long since unaccountably lost all sense of perspective, there might be something in what he says. As it is, however, he can see only one side of a question, and that is his own. His opinions, therefore, cannot invariably be acted upon. But they might well be considered and remembered, for, after all, he is the man on the spot.

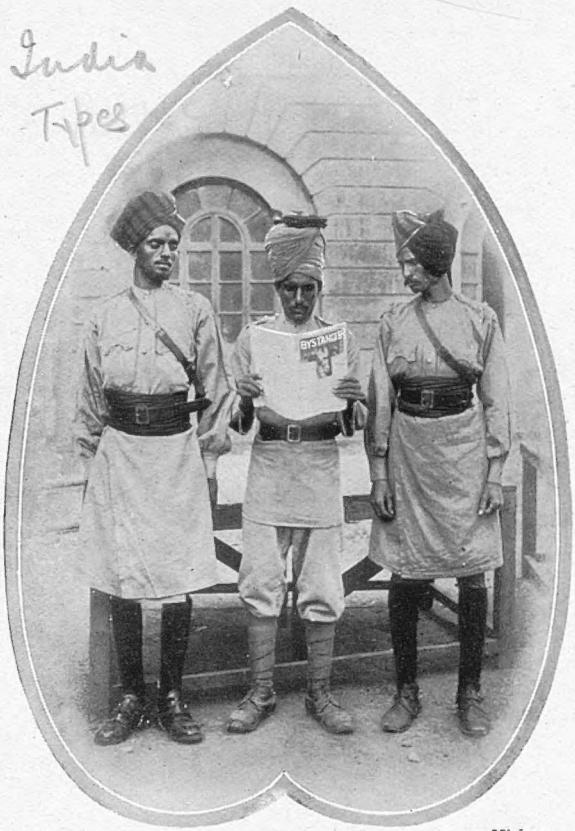


Photo *Vickers*

Indian Natives Who are Not Unrestful

The two tall figures on either side are "Sowars" of the 34th Poona Horse, who came from Amangabad for the Amir's visit. They were very anxious to be photographed. The central figure is a sepoy of the 113th Bombay Infantry, and the photograph was taken at the Town Hall, Bombay

* * *

Caruso's Reception

As everybody gladly expected, Caruso's reception on Wednesday night in *Bohème* proved that the British public's appreciation of a masterly artist will withstand any amount of Comstockery. The reception had nothing dramatic about it, for, of course, Rodolfo, the tenor's rôle, is already on the stage at the rise of the curtain. However, when he finished his first great duet with Mimi (Mme. Donalda) the house came down, and long and deep were the cries of "Caruso! Caruso!" Melba was not present on the occasion, being "indisposed." The public's sympathy for that lady's exceeding delicacy of—er—health will almost equal its sympathy for itself in the constant disappointments which it has to suffer on her account. Personally, I never care whether or not Melba sings in *Bohème*. Though she declares it to be a favourite part, the rôle of Mimi is anything but a glittering one, either musically or sartorially. The sweet music allotted to the Musetta (her Valse Song in Act II. being the opera's *pièce de resistance*), and the undeniable importance of the tenor part, serve to rob the *prima donna* of her expected glory.

* * *

Opera Manners

By the way, students of Smart-Set manners should bear in mind that it is now voted hopelessly dowdy, on entering the Opera House, to hold open the swing-doors on behalf of anybody who may be behind one. After your own entry, the door should, if possible, be let fly into the face of the lady behind you with a good smart bang. On no account apologise should you by any chance smash her nose, drive in her teeth, or fracture her skull. Your doing so would infallibly stamp you as suburban, while should you be guilty of actually holding open the door for anybody, you *may* be politely put out as an undesirable by the vigilant janitory staff.

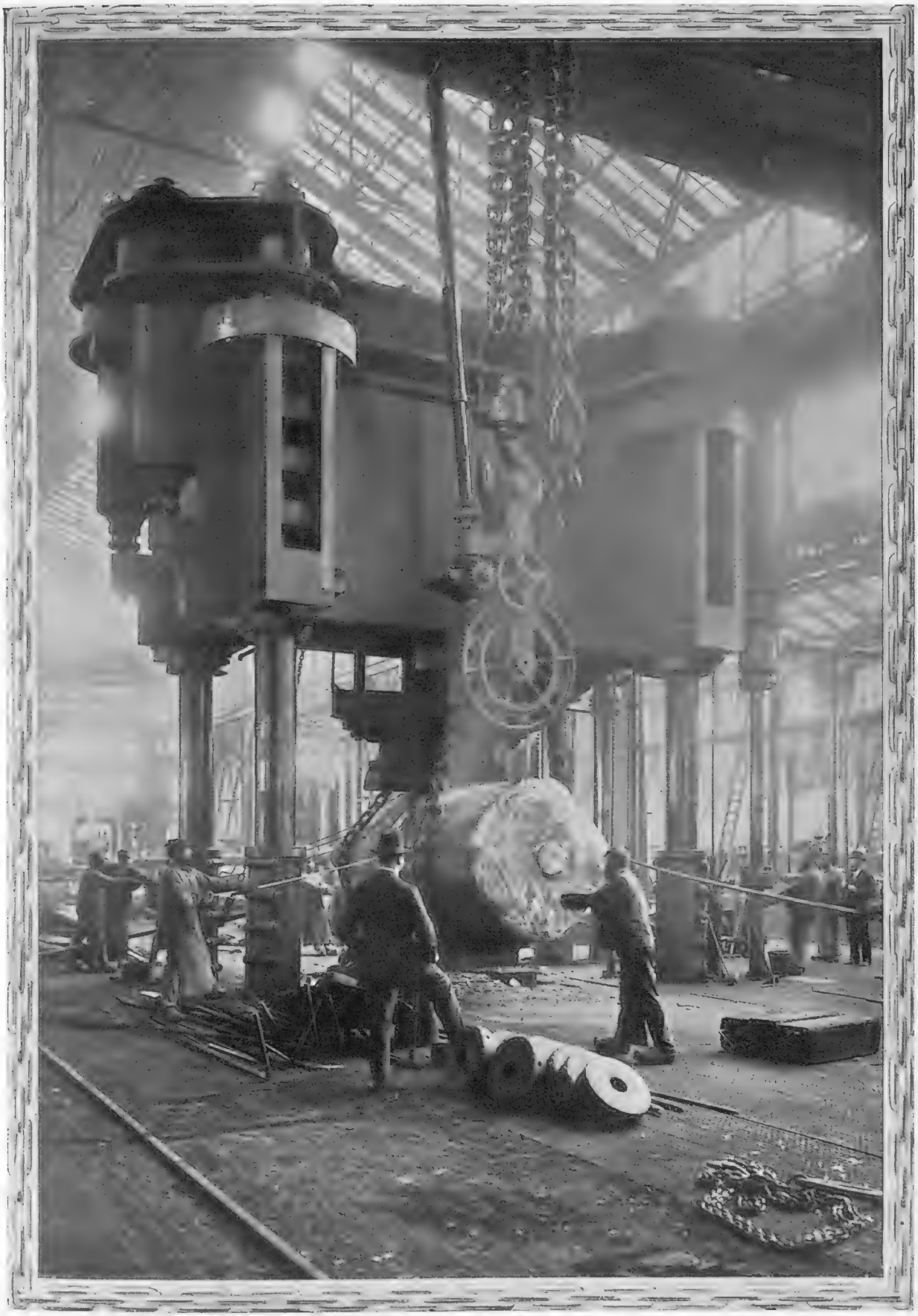
* * *

The German Shipping Menace

Two of this week's photographs have matters maritime as their keynote, though in somewhat different forms. The picture opposite, showing a scene in the interior of Krupp's vast works, serves to give an idea of the reality of the work that Germany has set herself so determinedly to carry forward—the building of a fleet powerful enough to challenge world-power with whomsoever may claim it—which, being interpreted, means chiefly England. The other illustration is of a somewhat more pacific nature—that of the interior of the vast new floating White Star palace *Adriatic*, the

German Naval Menace in the Making

KRUPP'S—WHERE THE KAISER'S BATTLESHIPS ARE RAPIDLY BEING BUILT



Photo] **A 5,000-ton Steam Hammer Welding an Axle for a Battleship** *[C. Stewers*

The Kaiser's recent re-avowal of his determination to challenge the sea-power of Britain, at no matter what cost to the German taxpayer, has served again to arouse anxiety in this country. Above is one of the yards at Krupp's vast Essen works—Germany's greatest emporium for purchasing her weapons of war. It gives a realistic idea of the magnitude of the work on which our great rival is now engaged, and of her undoubted capacity to undertake it

Her Hysterical Highness

largest British twin-screw steamer afloat, which sailed from Liverpool the week before last, and is now about to make her return voyage from New York. Over this, again, hangs the shadow of German menace, for it is to vie with the leviathans of the Hamburg lines that our native shipowners have put forth such vast efforts. Whatever may be the case at the Admiralty, however, the result in this case seems to justify high hopes of our retaining all the glory of our Atlantic commerce.

* * *

"Faust" at Mass

For some weeks to come, if report be true, the King of Saxony will again be annoyed, and the Saxon people again disgusted, with the ever-fruitful subject of the King's divorced wife, the Countess Montignoso. A certain Frau Kremer, sent by the Saxon Court to the Countess to remove her little daughter, the Princess Monica Pia, seems to have acted the spy and *confidante* to good purpose. All she learned while staying with the Countess in Italy she has compiled in book form, and this volume, giving the most intimate details of the life and character of the misguided lady who was once Crown Princess, and should now be Queen of, Saxony, is shortly to be published in Dresden. Frau Kremer describes the Countess Montignoso as hysterical and whimsical, and as confident that, could she only meet the King alone, she "would win him back." The little Princess is described as an incorrigible child, who has to be "tickled to sleep," and who has "a strange passion for the smell of benzine." Altogether, it is a *chronique scandaleuse*, of the usual unwholesome type, and about as reliable, I imagine, as such things usually are. One incident if true is of interest as proving that the Countess Montignoso's religious instincts, at any rate, whatever her maternal instincts may be, are not overpoweringly strong. On her bedroom-table Frau Kremer tells of seeing a Bible which, upon investigation, proved to be a copy of Goethe's *Faust*. The Countess confessed that she had sewn *Faust* in her Bible cover in order to avoid *ennui* at Mass (personally I should infinitely prefer the Bible). The Countess, it will be remembered, has in her hands one great "pull" over her late husband. Were she to make public declaration of what she has often officially declared, *i.e.* that she was married to Prince Frederic Augustus of Saxony against her will, the King could re-marry, for the Vatican would declare that, coercion having been used, this was no true marriage. This, however, she very naturally refuses to do, as it would do away once for all with her hopes of a reconciliation.

Photo *Mayer*

Countess Montignoso

(Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony), on whose private life, it has been announced, a book is shortly to be published. In it she is described as being "hysterical, whimsical, without any fixity of purpose, and actuated wholly by the impulses of the moment"

* * *

Kempton Anticipates Ascot

It is, perhaps, a little late in the day to discuss even the social side of the Kempton Park Meeting, but the following details received from a lady correspondent are so illuminating that I venture to insert them :—

"The King arrived unexpectedly on the first day, looking very well and most cheerful. His Majesty, as usual, set the fashion of wearing coloured hats, but his neat blue tie, while it served to throw up the wonderful blue of his eyes, had no resemblance to the bright orange-and-green ties worn by many of the men present. Men's devotion to fashion, by the way, was never more exemplified than it was at Kempton. Bright etceteras were *de rigueur*, and I wonder some of the socks did not make the horses shy, so vivid were their hues. Lord Carnarvon was one of the many men in brown, a dral bowler hat, a brown tweed suit with a large green check a blue bow-tie, a very prominent pink handkerchief and black boots with light-brown tops completing a costume, at any rate, distinctive; while another well-known sporting man wore a huge red rose, surrounded with maidenhair, in his brown suit—doubtless as a symbol of some sort! Lord Cholmondeley, as usual, chewed that imaginary toothpick of his with great ardour.

* * *

Frocks, Frills, and Hats

"Some of the hats were truly wonderful! Mrs. Hwfa Williams had a large owl perched pecking on her hair; a lady near her had evidently collected all the discarded white feathers from her husband's 'cocked' hat for her own use; Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry) struck a note of distinction by appearing in unrelieved black and a *small* hat; Lady Clonmell, *née* Miss Rachel Verridge, actress, was in hyacinth-blue; and another ex-actress, Miss Edna May, wore an amusing hat, bright green in shade and of the flower-pot variety in shape; round it she had draped a yellow scarf, reminding one irresistibly of the decently draped flower-pots one formerly met in Suburbia; Lady Brinckman wore a long, tight, white coat; and the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel looked well in a black and white striped gown, her hat of upstanding yellow wings. As usual, however, the smart racing set was very quietly dressed. At

Kempton Anticipates Ascot

SOCIETY FAVOURS THE "JUBILEE" WITH SMART FROCKS

Photos *Phillips*

(1) Mrs. Cranston, Lady Brinckman (2) Lady Wolverton, The Hon. George Lambton

(3) Lord Farquhar, Sir E. Vincent, The Hon. John Ward, Mr. Blake, The Hon. Mrs. G. Keppel

(4) The Countess of Clonmell (5) Lord Marcus Beresford

The Kempton "Jubilee" Meeting, on Saturday week, was quite an anticipation of Ascot, the glorious sunshine and the warm weather inducing Society at large to turn up in unusually large numbers, arrayed in unusually becoming costumes, the prevailing styles of which may be learned by a glance at those worn by the well-known Society women in the above photographs

The Snapshot Impertinent

Kempton, the company is mixed. Even the *demi-mondaine* has a look in, though she didn't seem to be having a particularly good time at this Meeting—one, in fact, being overheard yawningly to wish herself 'back at Monte.'"

* * *

The American Invasion

Of the American invasion of London I have heard and seen so much that I betook myself on Sunday to the river, there, I promised myself, to forget it. We lunched in Henley, at Phyllis Court Club (more delightful than ever, by the way), and after a prolonged hour on the beautiful lawns, over the coffee and liqueurs, started down stream. The launch glided like a bird. The sun shone. The sky was blue. The banks a feathery green fairyland. My thoughts soared to realms in which even the best Americans have no part. I closed my eyes for a moment. The words "New York" brought me crashing back to earth. We were at Bourne End (I must have dozed!) and my host was pointing out a riverside mansion—the latest American acquisition. It stood on the Bucks bank, simply bursting with improvements, additions, and American money. Mr. G. A. Kessler is the millionaire to whom it now belongs. I remember him. He rented *Formosa* (for a mere pittance of a hundred guineas a week) from Sir George Young last year, thereby restoring to that irascible gentleman the equanimity he so sadly lost over the ladies' bathing-place at Odney Pool. Mr. Kessler has already spent £30,000 on his new toy. Electric lights are to sparkle not only all over the house, but in every flower and tree in the garden. And he has named his house "New York Lodge."

A Cabinet Minister Bathing!

The Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, M.P. (President of the Board of Education), about to take a plunge. Mr. McKenna (on the left) is a keen lover of the open air, though a Radical of the Radicals

(*Snapshotted at Etretât*)

Photo] **A Bridegroom's Penance** [*Topical Agency*

The wedding of Sir Capel Wolseley and Miss Beatrice Knollys at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on the 9th inst. The bride and bridegroom leaving after the reception to attend the tea given by them to the cripple children

* * *

More America

Lower down the river, below Cookham Lock, America is again well to the fore. Mr. Waldorf Astor, jun., now owns both sides of the stream, having also bought land from Sir George Young. The land is of but slight industrial value, of course. But what of that? Money must be spent somehow. This young man, too, is making bids for popularity. Doubtless he has Parliamentary ambitions. Unfortunately, it is very absurd, of course, but down there they are just a little strait-laced. They object, for instance, to divorcées, and already young Mrs. Astor has been deprived of the inestimable pleasure of opening some boys' club or the like, simply on these obsolete grounds. I disembarked at Boulter's only to meet a man just come from Florence. He told me that the Villa Palmieri, so often lent to Queen Victoria by the Dowager Lady Crawford, and of literary fame as the scene of Boccaccio's "Decameron," had been sold to an American—a Mr. Ellsworth, of New York! Verily, it is an American invasion.

* * *

A Ducal Retreat

At the Villa Palmieri, by the way, the Duchess of Rutland has been spending the Spring and leading the simple life, the gardener cooking her Grace's meals. Her daughters have been backwards and forwards between there and Arlington Street. Rather Italian in appearance, indeed, was Lady Marjorie Manners at the Academy Private View. Romantically attired in purple velvet, a tiny cap and a long feather adorning her small head, she looked in all truth the soulful daughter of one who is, indeed, a Soul; and seeing her thus, I was irresistibly reminded of a little incident of her ladyship's babyhood. A god-daughter of Queen Victoria, she was once sent to visit her Majesty. She arrived clothed, of course, in the green and yellow, the smocked frock, and generally limp garments which the Souls had chosen as their children's only wear. The Queen was shocked. Where was the starched white frock, the strapped shoes, the curled top-knot, the tie-ups, in which it behoved every self-respecting little Victorian maiden

The Liner Luxurious

THE FLOATING PALACE, "ADRIATIC," ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE

The Reading and Writing Room

A Plunge Bath Afloat

Photos *Bull, Austin*

The Dining Saloon

England evidently does not intend to be left behind by Germany in her construction of great liners, the latest addition to the ocean greyhounds sailing under the English flag being the White Star Liner *Adriatic*, the largest British twin-screw vessel afloat (25,000 tons), which sailed from Liverpool, on her maiden voyage, on May 8. As our photographs show, this floating palace is replete with every modern luxury, and, in fact, most of her passengers are likely to be even more comfortable, and surrounded by more luxury while on the ocean, than is their good fortune on shore

"A Very Superior Chancellor"

to appear at Court? Not, apparently, in the nursery wardrobes of the children of the artistic Lady Granby. Her Majesty signified her disapproval. And next time Lady Marjorie came to Court it was in befitting costume—top-knot and all!

* * *

The New Chancellor

Ceremony, pageantry, ancient rite, the clank of steel, or the sheen of silken hoods, all these seem somehow to belong by right to, and to cling to any office enjoyed for the nonce by, Lord Curzon. As Viceroy of India, his state exceeded by many a long chalk any regal state known to the modern. As Chancellor of Oxford University, he was installed into that high office with the fullest, the most ancient, and most ceremonious ritual.

* * *

The Right Man

That apart, however, it is difficult to call to mind, at the present time, any public man as well fitted as Lord Curzon for the post of Chancellor of Oxford University. Already he has set ancient tradition at defiance, and has begged for funds. A university of which Lord Curzon is head is not to be allowed to become the archæological institution that was threatened. Politics and the problems of education are the two great interests of his life. Politics being apparently shelved for the time—is it not rumoured that the ex-Viceroy "cut dead" Mr. Arthur Balfour on the occasion of their first meeting after Lord Curzon's return from India?—education now has first place in his lordship's affections. He combines with a great love for his *Alma Mater* a vivid appreciation of the requirements of a modern world, a world which has raced onwards while Oxford has stood still. In his hands, therefore, the future of Oxford may be most safely left; and, meantime, millionaires, forward, please!

Photo *Gillman*

Lord Curzon's installation as Chancellor of Oxford University

From the Viceroyalty of India, Lord Curzon has stepped to the scarcely less superior dignity of Chancellor of Oxford University, in which capacity he has issued a most impressive appeal for funds. His installation at Oxford was attended with due pomp and pageantry as befits him who was once known to the world as "George Nathaniel Curzon, a most Superior Purzon"

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In Aid of Lady Margaret Hall

I am asked to announce that, in aid of the Library Building Fund of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, a concert is to be held, at 3.15 on May 30, at Stafford House (by kind permission of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland). Lord Milner and Mr. Asquith are amongst those interested, and many prominent artists have promised their services.

Photo *Haines*

A Picture of the Year: Mr. Frank Craig's "Joan of Arc"

Of this year's exhibits at the Royal Academy, one of the most striking is the spirited picture of "Joan of Arc," by Mr. Frank Craig. It will be remembered that his last year's Academy picture, "The Heretic," was bought by the Chantrey Trustees

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

WALDORF THEATRE

"When Knighthood Was in Flower"

This play is stupefying. It is a nightmare. If an imaginative man supped heavily off Lobster *à la Neuberg* and took Gilbert à Beckett's "Comic History of England" to read in bed, he might dream a wilder story than *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. He might. On the other hand, there is the likelihood that the dreamer would miss the fine ecstasy engendered by the vision of Mary Tudor raging round her apartments like a termagant, chasing tailors out of the window, and pelting her brother, Henry VIII., and the lords and ladies of his Court, with bolsters and—her corsets!

But a truce to the baffling task of painting the horrors of this wild Tudor farce. After recovering from the first shock occasioned by it, one is filled with sadness by the thought that the play should be included in the repertory of Mr. Edward Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe, whose productions of *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and of *Jeanne d'Arc* were characterised by such care, such thought, and such artistry.

ALDWYCH THEATRE

"Strongheart"

The stage has, at different times, been presented, by its enemies and by its friends, in a host of different guises. It has been decried (in earlier times) as a sure road to the devil; it has been introduced as a factor in increasing the gaiety of nations; while ofttimes the stage has been ranged on a platform with the Church as a great educator and elevator of public morals. There is one function of the stage which has been somewhat overlooked. It is the medium through which strange peoples and strange customs can be brought to the notice of those who have not had the good fortune to be numbered among the travellers. For want of a better word, these plays, which transport the playgoer to a different *milieu* from any to which he is accustomed, may be termed plays of atmosphere. An Englishman who had enjoyed the benefits of a course at a German University would be hard put to it to tell a story (in three hours) which would leave anything like the impression which is left upon an audience by "Old Heidelberg"; or, again, he might be in the best form, and take the hearth-rug in a congenial circle of friends without drawing for them even a shadowy outline of the bold form of Mr. Stubbins. Association with a number of Anglo-Americans would never leave us (as *Strongheart* does) with such a clear understanding of the main points, and such a distinct general idea of the finer points, of American college

Photo *Byron*

Miss Ethel Barrymore, the well-known American actress, at home

football. Hence *Strongheart* takes place among the "plays of atmosphere"—the plays which have a distinct interest (for non-travellers) outside the legitimate interest they may exert by their presentations of human tragedies and comedies. It is hardly too much to say that a feeble play written around the manners and customs of the Eskimos, provided it gave a fair picture of these dwellers in the North, could not entirely fail to hold our attention.

But *Strongheart* is far more than a picture-drama of American football and of an American racial problem. It is a play written with humour and with strength. True the comedy and sporting elements are somewhat too strong for the main theme—the love of the Indian "Strongheart" for the American girl, Dorothy Nelson. Still, there is sufficient of the racial difficulty (it is hardly a problem) to give a romantic tone to the play.

Concerning the Players

The author, Mr. William C. de Mille, is prodigal in supplying good acting rôles. The "star" of the production, Mr. Robert Edeson, is supported by a strong cast, the masculine members of which are given splendid opportunities. The lion's share of the comedy falls to Mr. Frank J. McIntyre. His genial Billy Saunders rampages through the play in the cheeriest manner. This stout member of the Columbia football team is greatly in evidence, yet we never see too much of him. The play would be a dull affair without him. The author has artfully made his principal comedian an important factor in the working out of the plot, with the result that Billy, unlike the "funny man" pure and simple, never becomes tiresome.

Mr. Edmund Breese is another most valuable member of the cast. He doubles two excellent rôles. First, he is the Head Coach, and the scene in which he alternately cajoles and bullyrags his hard-working team to the winning standard is a "bit" which, from the acting point of view, far outweighs many a rôle four times the length. Next we see Mr. Breese as the Indian, Black Eagle, sent to summon the new chief, Strongheart, to his people. A less clever interpretation of this rôle would let down the interest of the play at the end, when it needs most to be upheld. While upon the subject of the ending (the Indian does *not* marry the girl), I must chronicle a horrid rumour, to the effect that the author has a "happy ending" up his sleeve, and intends to play it for the benefit, supposedly, of a romantic playgoing public. If this be not a canard, there can be but one retaliation on the part of the playgoing public. A representative body of playgoers must invite the playwright to a banquet, and solemnly drink to the toast of his unhealth. Mr. Edeson's Strongheart is a notable piece of work. He never loses for a moment his grip upon the salient physical and mental characteristics of the rôle. The actor is not only the Indian in appearance, but the Indian in being—sincere, reserved, dignified—a man who takes part, in so far as he is able, in the sports and life of the college, but is ever at heart the alien. E. C. S.

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Mabel Duncan (Mrs. Bryce)

The respondent in the "Gaiety Girl" divorce case which has been occupying the attention of Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane and a special jury

Light Opera at the Shaftesbury

It would give me the greatest pleasure to be able to record a Shaftesbury success, but, in its present state, *Lady Tatters*, described as a light romantic opera in three acts, does not leave one with much hope for its future. To begin with, the plot is so complicated as to be almost beyond disentanglement, and it is rendered the more unintelligible by the incoherent enunciation of at least one of the principal characters. There is always an indescribable something that goes to make or mar a piece, and this something appears to be adverse to *Lady Tatters*. Even when we have succeeded in grasping the gist of the story, the play frequently hangs fire, seemingly through no fault either of the author or the actors. It is just as though the fates had agreed to put a ban upon the piece. But it is early yet to despair. The music of Mr. Walter Slaughter is delightful; and when the piece has undergone a few alterations, when prolific Mr. Walter Passmore has added fresh jokes, and when some of the general feeling of oppression has passed away, *Lady Tatters* may prove quite a good thing. Mr. Walter Passmore, as Seth Lewys, the strolling actor, is the life of the piece, and his song, "The Fiddler and his Dog," is one of the most enjoyable numbers of the evening. Miss Marie George is the only lady member of the company who has a part in any way suited to her talents, and she is quite charming as Poll Merrie. Miss Louie Pounds is anything but happily placed as Isabel Scaby (the villainess of the story). She is an artist worthy of a far different part. Miss Claudia Lasell's Tatters is not over-brilliant or successful, and it is of her enunciation that I have chiefly to complain. Mr. Ivor Foster sings well, so does Mr. Courtice Pounds, and Messrs. Sidney Brough, Herbert Sparling, Johnny Danvers, and Powis Pinder, all do their very best with their respective rôles. The piece is excellently mounted, and a good orchestra is under the direction of the composer. R. M.

SCENES FROM

"Strongheart" at the Aldwych

DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

£250,000 How to Spend it in One Year

(SEE "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS" AT THE HICKS THEATRE)

"You are your uncle's sole heir"

Mr. Edward Sass (*The Lawyer*) **Mr. Gerald du Maurier** (*Brewster*)

Brewster learns of the astounding conditions of his uncle's will. He is to inherit two millions on the condition that within one year he has spent, to the last farthing, the £250,000 left him by his grandfather. This strange will is prompted by the hatred borne by the uncle for the grandfather on account of the latter's cruel neglect of Brewster's mother. Brewster, though startled at first, readily decides to comply with the conditions

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Brewster's office "de luxe"

Brewster enlists the help of his boon companions in the spending of the money. He gives them posts as secretaries at extravagant salaries, and instals them in his office *de luxe*, where the very telephone apparatus is finished off in ivory and gold. Note the other evidences of wealth in the illustration—the cabinets, pictures, the three commissionaires and the footman, who help Brewster off with his astrakhan coat

"Brewster's Millions" at the Hicks Theatre

"The cheque for Miss Clayton's house, sir"

Miss Beatrice Agnew (*Peggy*) **Mr. Gerald du Maurier** (*Brewster*)

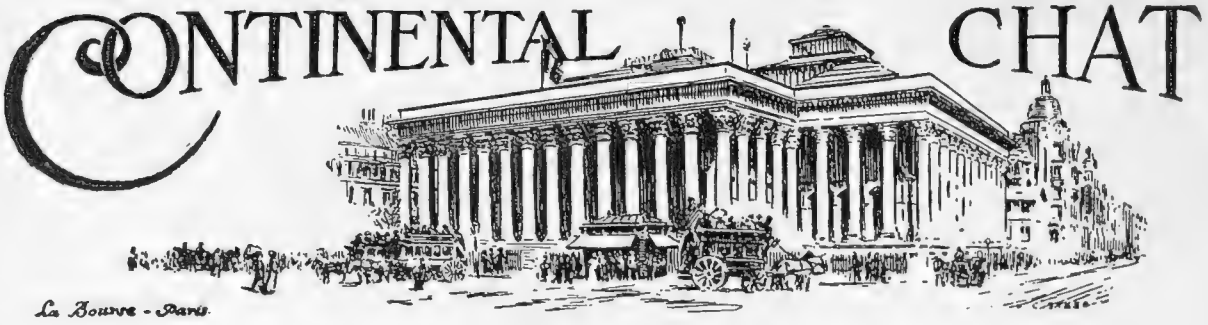
In the expenditure of his wealth, Brewster gets into trouble with Peggy, the young lady upon whom he has set his affections. In the most innocent manner in the world, he lavishes jewels, carriages, and a house upon a Miss Trixie Clayton, of the musical comedy stage. Unfortunately for Brewster, the office-boy brings in the cheque for him to sign when Peggy is in the office

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

"Swearingen Jones is here"

All comes well in the end. Brewster, confronted with a little matter of £10,000 to spend in two minutes, hastily turns it over to the lawyer as his fee. When the year has expired, on the strike of the clock, Swearingen Jones, the trustee for his uncle's fortune, is announced, and Brewster is able to tell him that he has carried out the conditions of the will to the letter

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Future King of Spain

A few weeks ago, when the soothsayers of Madrid announced that, if the sun were shining, Spain would have a Prince, the wits of Paris laughed! But the prophecy has been fulfilled. Again, we have a proof, so frequent in history, that it is rather dangerous to ignore the talents of Cassandra. A nobleman who has just returned from Madrid tells me he has had the honour of beholding the Royal babe lying on the salver. It resembles most other babies at that age, he informs me, but that during the trying ordeal it behaved remarkably well. Now, after long watching and waiting, the people of Spain have got their reward. The ceremonies and fêtes which accompany the baptism of the Royal Prince, and which have been so graphically described by the Press, having once taken place, let us hope that the Queen, who has been so much in the public eye of late, will be allowed to retire for a while into private life with her tiny son. After the King of England, Alfonso XIII. is the most popular monarch who has ever visited Paris. His open-hearted and generous manner charmed all with whom he came in contact, and France is still a little ashamed of the fact that he nearly lost his life in her capital. According to an ancient custom, it is the Spanish Ambassador in Paris who has the honour of informing the other Spanish Embassies throughout the world of the happy event. At the Embassy in the Boulevard de Courcelles, the house was brilliantly illuminated throughout the night, and fêtes were given corresponding with those at Madrid.

H.I.H. The Princess Marie Bonaparte

The richest Royal heiress in Europe. Autograph private photograph taken on the Grand Staircase of the Bonaparte Hotel in the Avenue d'Iéna, Paris

* * *

Princess Marie Bonaparte

I am informed, on very good authority, that Princess Marie Bonaparte is to visit Athens with her father, Prince Roland Bonaparte. The latter, it will be remembered, was lately elected a member of the French Academy of Sciences in the place of M. Raphaël Bischoffsheim. When the King of Greece was last in Paris, he dined with Prince Roland in his magnificent house in the Avenue d'Iéna, Princess Marie being hostess. Knowing the King's admiration for flowers, she decorated the table herself (with chrysanthemums and autumn foliage principally), and the Royal guest so admired the young lady's taste that he invited her there and then to come to Athens and see his flowers. Prince Roland, although he is constantly invited, cannot afford the time to take much interest in Society. He has the best private library in the world, consisting of 100,000 volumes.

* * *

"The Little Trianon of the Holy See"

I wonder if, by this time, some American millionaire has come forward with the sum necessary to prevent the square garden of the Vatican falling into ruins. Already, in several places, the wall has crumbled, and, in order to build it up again, £400 or more must be spent—"more," says the Holy Father, "than the Vatican is able to afford at present." Thus, unless the money is shortly forthcoming, one of the historic beauties of ancient Rome will disappear from sight. The Vatican garden is one of the most fascinating parts of Rome, and one of those rare corners which is not inundated with tourists. Most art lovers, however, generally try at some time to see it, and their various Ambassadors are only too willing to obtain for them the necessary permissions. Yet to wander in these gardens is like wandering amongst ruins: the fountains and cascades are silent, and the flower-beds are not without their share of weeds. To make them what they should be, it would require not only genius, but thousands of pounds, and these the Pope withholds! Like one of his predecessors, Paul IV., who considered money spent on art like substance wasted, the present Pope forbids any expense except for the spiritual welfare of Rome. Naturally, he has been rather severely criticised by those persons who consider the palaces at Rome, like the Louvre and Versailles at Paris, the property of all and sundry. Another delicious spot in the Vatican

gardens, which will fall into ruins unless very timely restoration is forthcoming, is the Casino del Papa, to which Leo XIII. walked every day of his life. Both the archæology and architecture of the charming little pavilion are extremely inaccurate, but this is part of its attraction. The day that it was built, its death-warrant was signed. It is often called, and rightly, "The Little Trianon of the Holy See."

* * *

Hysteria and Discords

Anyone who considers himself anything in Paris has seen *Salomé*; and every paper which counts for anything at all has criticised it—favourably, in most cases. The presentation of this masterpiece—hysteria depicted in discords, I may add in parenthesis—is considered one of the social events of the season. The Countess Greffulhe, whose name appears on all the programmes, really deserves the title, "Protectrice des Arts de la Ville de Paris." Although only forty, Richard Strauss has the honour of being the most notorious composer in Germany—fortunately for his *Salomé*, for the public would never have accepted those awful discords had not the drama been backed by the name of the composer. Like Rodin in sculpture, Strauss is seeing how far the public will be taken in. By the way, I hear that Rodin, having more work than he can possibly manage, has farmed it out. When one of his deputies asked him how to treat a certain subject, he replied, "As you like; all that I do is excellent." Parts of *Salomé* are excellent, but they are few and far between. Practising music of this description must, a nerve specialist tells me, in time, drive the instrumentalist mad. The famous scene where Salomé embraces the severed head of St. John the Baptist is degrading to a degree. England and America were right to refuse to allow its representation.

By far the most interesting part of the performance is Herr Strauss himself. His deep forehead is striking, though one would never take him for a Tyrolean, and he is extremely shy. He conducts with energy when Strauss is the composer, and his exertions during *Salomé* have now confined him to bed.

* * *

The Theatre Vanderbilt

Most Parisians are of opinion that there are enough theatres in Paris, but apparently there are not. A theatre is shortly to be built in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, in the most expensive part. But what does that matter, when it is to be financed by a band of wealthy Americans, with Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt at their head? Their plans at present are kept very quiet. Nothing is known beyond the fact that "it is to be different from any other theatre, and to surpass any other theatre in magnificence." Many of the members of the Vanderbilt family came to Europe, like Mr. Stead, on a mission of peace; and, now that a truce has been brought about between the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, we may conclude their efforts have not been in vain. They have managed to get a good deal of pleasure out of their visit; they have attended important functions at Paris and on the Riviera, while one of their family had the extreme honour of "being paid a great deal of attention" by the Kaiser at the recent Berlin Court Ball. Who is to be the happy possessor of the dollars that will be given with Miss Cornelius Vanderbilt?

The Statue of Joan of Arc, with floral adornments

ORLEANS EN FÊTE IN HONOUR OF JOAN OF ARC

Photos *Trampus*

Civil and Military Officials Parading the Town in Robes

For the first time, the fêtes on the anniversary of the deliverance of Orleans from the British by Joan of Arc have been celebrated only by the laity, unaided by the Church, the Archbishop having refused to co-operate. The refusal only resulted in the celebration by the townspeople being a great deal more gorgeous and enthusiastic

* * *

Royalties in the Law Courts

Royal lawsuits seem to be the order of the day, for the law is no respecter of persons! The other day it was announced that the Sanz brothers were to bring an action against the King of Spain to recover the money which had been placed for them in the Bank of Spain and which is no longer forthcoming. Later came the news that Nicholas II. had been respectfully summoned to appear before the magistrate at Nice! This august personage, although possibly he had forgotten the fact, is the possessor of some ground at Nice, which his grandfather bought for £24,000, and on which was erected a mausoleum to the memory of the Tsarevitch Alexandrovitch, who died in 1865. It appears that the trees planted on this land have grown to such an extent that their branches have extended over into the neighbouring properties, thereby causing damage and inconvenience. When requested to have the trees cut, the Imperial proprietor took not the slightest notice. On being summoned to appear before the Court, Nicholas Romanoff again lent a deaf ear, and, in consequence, the case has become serious. A committee has had to be appointed to represent his Imperial Majesty. The whole machinery of the law was evoked to ascertain whether it was advisable, or necessary

that the branches in question should be cut at all; and, finally, when the committee has taken its decision, another lawsuit will begin, and the branches may or may not be cut. Evidently the Russian officials are not as pre-occupied as one might expect, considering the internal crisis taking place in their own country, for they have leisure to betake themselves to Nice over such a trivial matter, which might have been decided by letter in less than five minutes.

* * *

The Case of an Ex-Empress

The case of the Empress Eugénie is more serious. Personally, she seems to treat the matter with her usual indifference, in spite of the fact that what touches her purse touches her most nearly. It appears that, just before the war of 1870, Napoleon III. borrowed £192,000 from a rich shipowner, Pierre Thierry, who died mysteriously shortly afterwards. According to his heir, a common farmer, who is bringing the action against the Empress, the papers proving this loan are extant. He has spent years in accumulating the necessary evidence, and it is said that his objective is the Villa Cyrnos, where the aged Empress had hoped to spend the last years of her life. The question seems to turn upon whether the sum in question was a loan or a gift—if, indeed, any such sum ever changed hands. Apparently, no interest has ever been paid, even by Napoleon himself, who was prodigality personified, which seems to prove that the money was not a loan. The plaintiff's family is by no means in sympathy with him in the matter. They consider it a waste of time and money prosecuting a claim against a person of such wealth and influence as the Empress, and if it is Thierry's idea to claim the villa as compensation, it is unlikely that his desire will be gratified. I feel convinced that the Empress would rather part with her hoarded wealth, or borrow more, than allow her treasured villa—the consolation of her exile—to pass into other hands.

* * *

The Elopement of an Archduchess

The Continent has been not a little surprised by the recent disappearance and discovery of one of the Austrian Archduchesses. The name is not to be revealed, but I am told it is, probably, the Archduchess Augustine, so unhappy has she been with her husband. The Emperor of Austria has tried to keep the affair as quiet as possible. There is no getting away, however, from the fact that the Archduchess has been staying for some weeks with a handsome Austrian, who signed the hotel register as Ferdinand de Saciyni, but who turned out to be nothing more than an adventurer. When at last the Archduchess was persuaded to return to Vienna, the lady's luggage had to be left to pay the bill. I heard some Austrians discussing this the other evening in a café, and few seemed to blame the Royal lady for running away. Life at the Austrian Court is boring to a degree; there was a great deal of truth in the late Empress Elizabeth's continual lamentation, "Etiquette, etiquette, always etiquette!" Why is it, I wonder, that playwrights have to go to ancient Greece for subjects of tragedy when the House of Hapsburg can boast of little else: grim, dreadful tragedy, family tragedy, and political tragedy?

ANOTHER PRIZE COMPETITION FOR GLOBE-TROTTERS

WHERE IS THE ABOVE?

The success of our recent Colonial Puzzle Competition, in arousing the interest of readers, has moved us once again to test their travel knowledge. The above is one of the most famous of the world's ruins. WHAT IS ITS NAME, AND WHERE SITUATED? As before, we offer for the first post-card giving the correct answer to be opened by the Editor on Saturday morning, the 25th inst., a prize of *ONE GUINEA*. Post-cards to be marked "Puzzle Picture," c/o of Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SIDELIGHTS ON THE FISCAL QUESTION

THE SECRET OF CHEAP BREAD

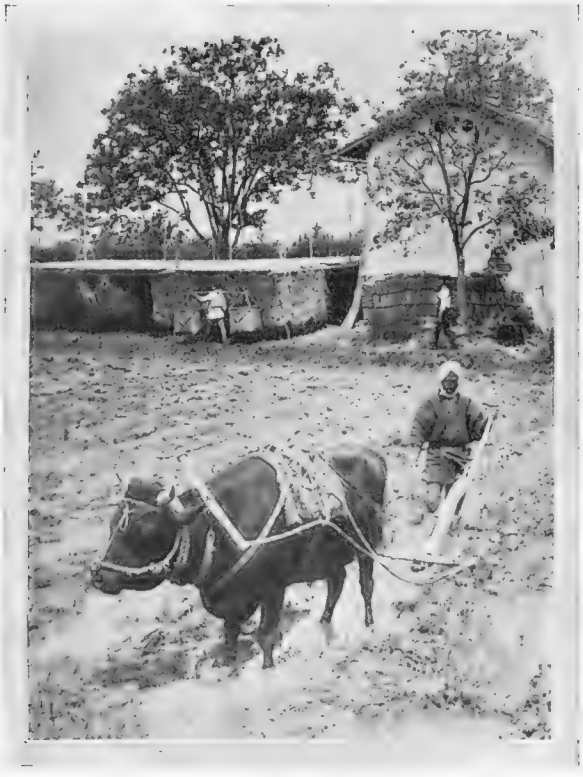
From Stereograph Copyright *Underwood, London and New York*

Yankee Harvesters at Work Cutting the Corn which Feeds John Bull so Cheaply

This machine, at work on a Western farm, does 100 acres a day, which means 1,500 to 2,500 sacks. The harvester not only cuts the corn, it threshes it and packs it as it goes along. The only thing it doesn't do is to ship it over to Britain. Canada does the same sort of thing as the above on her Western farms, and some people think she might be encouraged to do a little more by John Bull. But that would violate the sacred principle of Free Trade, so Canada waits

The Little Things We Live On

AND SOME OF THE COUNTRIES WHENCE THEY COME



Rice (Japan)

Ploughing for a crop of it over one of Japan's flooded fields, near Kyoto. The peasant has harnessed his bull, and is stirring up the muddy surface, opening the soil to the sun and air. The ground is kept flooded until the harvest, when it is allowed to dry

Cocoa (Costa Rica)

Opening the pods, and drying the cocoa beans, on a plantation near Port Simon, Costa Rica

From Stereographs Copyright

Coffee (Ceylon)

Trees laden with berries on a Cingalese coffee plantation

Underwood, London and New York

Tobacco (Cuba)

Tobacco plants in Cuba, from which comes the fragrant Havana cigar. Cuba alone produces sixty million pounds of excellent tobacco annually. Here is a splendid field for the competition of our Colonies, against the good time coming when Preference shall be theirs!

Also, the Stranger's Meat We Eat

AND THE SORT OF PLACE WHENCE IT COMES

From Stereograph Copyright *Underwood, London and New York*

The Scene in a Chicago Stockyard

These yards cover 574 acres of ground; 320 acres out of the number are divided up into pens like these. The rest of the space is taken up by railroad tracks, waterworks, and buildings. The whole establishment keeps 1,800 regular employés busy

Colonial Cattle En Voyage

AUSTRALIAN CARGO BOATS PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL

From Stereograph Copyright *Underwood, London and New York*

The Busy Scene at the Mouth of the Canal

It has been suggested that one of the methods by wh'ch an advantage m'ght accrue to Australian trade with the Mother Country is the lowering of the Suez Canal dues on Australian cargo. But His Majesty's Government has "dissented" from this, as from all other proposals of a kind to stimulate Colonial trade

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORY—No. 76

COLLINSON'S ADVICE

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Author of "My Japanese Wife," "A Japanese Romance," etc.

ALONG the Boulevard the sun was shining brightly, and with an April clearness, casting diapered shadows of the branches of the trees, now bedecked with tender green leaves, on to the side-walks, for Spring had once more come to cast its glamour and beauty over outstretched and expectant Paris.

The large front room of the shady Cabaret des Quat'-z-Arts was almost deserted. A few artists and their models, or *artistes* from the little theatres and the cafés of the neighbourhood, sat outside under the striped sunblind, chatting and sipping their cafés or *apéritifs*. Inside there were but two people, if one excluded Gustave, the fat *garçon*, who knew so much and said so little. And these two were talking earnestly.

Both were artists, well-known *habitués* of the Quat'-z-Arts, and dwellers upon the Butte. Ray Collinson, the elder, had passed through Julian's, in the Rue Fontaine, and was now a more or less prosperous painter of pictures, which had some of the delicacy of Claude Lorraine, and a little of the strength of the more modern school. Giles Trengard, the younger, had reached that happy state when several of the Art publications hailed him as already "arrived." *The Studio* had selected several of his pictures for reproduction in the pages devoted to Paris "Studio Talk"; and one or two Art critics, attached to the Boulevard Press, had troubled to climb as far as the Rue Ravignan to see his *Salon* pictures.

"You have finished 'Danae,' then?" inquired Collinson, puffing at one of his own clumsily made cigarettes, which were commonly known to his friends as "carrots."

"Very nearly," was the reply.

"And afterwards?" queried Collinson, with a glance at his companion.

"*Que sabe?*" was the answer. And Trengard laughed a little uncomfortably.

There was silence between them for a few moments, during which a keen observer would have noticed that Collinson regarded his friend narrowly and curiously.

Outside, the usual noises of the Boulevard sounded insistently. The laughter of the women on the so-called *terrasse*, and the "Heup! heup!" of *cochers* as they urged their horses to greater speed.

At last Collinson spoke, leaning across the table-top, and looking his companion straight in the eyes.

"And afterwards?"

Trengard made no reply, but a slight flush of colour swept into his cheeks, which had been rendered almost colourless from the hard and strenuous work of the last few weeks.

"You must break with the girl," continued Collinson, as his companion made no reply. "You are getting a jolly sight too fond of her, or she is of you—which is worse, if anything—and you've got to do something great—really great, I mean—and not get inextricably entangled with a woman like Inez Delforce."

Trengard said nothing, but fixed his eyes upon the picture opposite—a bold and striking sketch of a girl in rose-coloured draperies—and moved his feet under the little table uncomfortably.

Collinson went on deliberately, "Look here, Trengard, you know what a future you've got; you know the ball rests at your feet, and how almost anything is within your reach. I've been thinking a lot about you lately, and I've seen too many go under who were gifted as you are, and I don't intend to see you go that way, if I can help it."

"Thanks," said Trengard, interrupting the speaker with an expression of annoyance. "But you're mistaken about the girl, *mon vieux*. Oh, yes," he continued hurriedly, as his friend made as though to interrupt. "I like *la belle* Inez well enough; she's one of the best models I ever picked up; and she's amusing, and"—he paused—"a clever little woman all round."

"It's these clever little women all round," said Collinson sharply, "that are so confoundedly dangerous. The fools—well, anyone can cut adrift from them; but," and the speaker put his hand upon his companion's shoulder earnestly, "mind, Trengard, you've got to break with her."

Giles Trengard laughed and got up. Even to himself he was unwilling to admit that he knew what his friend said was true. He had puzzled only the night before over the whole question, and—until Inez Delforce came into the studio, looking beautiful, fresh, and adorable—he had believed in his own heart that what was known amongst his artist companions euphemistically as "a rupture," would be possible. He forgot that youth often forges fetters that only age can break.

Now, again, in the presence of his friend Collinson, to break with the pretty girl who had proved just the woman he required for his ambitious picture for the *Salon*, seemed once more easy of accomplishment.

"I must be off back to the studio," he said, extending his hand, which Collinson took with the firm pressure of comradeship. "I have but a few more hours' work upon 'Danae.' Look in and see me to-morrow, and"—laughing as he turned to go—"then you can tell me, *mon vieux*, whether the 'machine' is as bad as I fear."

Collinson promised he would, and Trengard went out into the sunshine and turned along the Boulevard, climbing slowly up the Rue Germain Pilon, pondering as he went over Collinson's words and the task which lay before him. As he left the hum of the Boulevard behind and went along the Rue Ravignan and then turned down the almost rural little lane which led to his studio, he rejoiced in the exquisite warmth of the sunshine and the feeling of Spring that was in the air.

Just as he turned into the gate of the little garden, which lay in front of the ivy-covered house in which he lived, he saw, as he had expected, the flutter of a light dress at the corner near the entrance.

"Ah, *mon ami*," exclaimed a woman's voice, in a half-petulant, half-bantering tone, "you are late. It is always we poor women who wait. Is it not so?" And Inez Delforce slipped her arm familiarly through his as he searched for the key.

"The fresh air will have done you no harm," said Trengard, smiling, and gazing at her olive-tinted cheeks, into which a deep wave of colour had come when she heard him approach.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"But you will not finish the 'machine' to-day," said the woman, "if we do not hasten."

"No?" replied Trengard, as though thinking of something else, as they entered the house and went along the little passage leading to the studio.

As he unlocked the door, he tried to imagine what the woman at his side would say when he told her that the affair must come to an end. During the last few weeks he had sometimes seemed to realise that, when his "Danae" was finished, he would be wise to take his courage in both hands and break with his beautiful model—half-French, half-Spanish—whom he had by great good fortune picked up one day in one of the smaller cafés of the Boulevard de Rochechouart. And, as his picture had grown beneath his brush, he had experienced a reawakening of ambition—a recrudescence of the desire to attain the highest position in his art which made a further dalliance with Inez Delforce, even to him, appear dangerous.

Inez Delforce, as Trengard reached to take the key, which was on the top of the door, wondered at his silence and what he was thinking about.

In a few moments, as soon as Trengard had pulled aside the blind and got the light right, she was ready and threw herself upon the improvised couch. When once the man had got his colour-box open and his palette in his hand, he banished from his mind the subject which had troubled him on his way up the Butte.

As for the woman, she lay on the improvised couch and ruminated darkly, and watched each expression as it flitted across the face of the man she loved.

During the last week or more, an intuition had possessed her that Trengard intended to break with her, and that the last touches he put to the exquisitely painted figure of Danae would mean the end.

The end of what?

For the man, the end of a passing passion kindled at first by admiration for the beautiful, and afterwards kept burning beyond the usual span of such passions by charm and cleverness on the woman's part. But for her, the end of everything. The tearing out of the great page of her life, the loss of what had become to her essential, the love of a man above the ruck of those who had hitherto come into view upon her social horizon.

Trengard painted on without speaking. He seldom talked when strenuously at work, so that the circumstance of his silence did not disturb her equanimity.

The soft and fading light of the April afternoon fell through the north window and lit the studio with an almost pearly radiance, casting *nacré* tints upon the skin of the recumbent woman, which, with its slightly golden hue of the South, looked like satin. She stirred a little restlessly once or twice, and each time she did so Trengard glanced at her inquiringly. But he said nothing, and went on painting.

As she watched him giving the final, almost scornful, curve to the lips of the figure, she almost cried out at the feeling of obsession which possessed her. More than a month before, when she had heard from a friend who sat for Collinson that the latter had been urging Trengard to abandon her, she had begun to hate this painted replica of herself with an almost inconceivable hatred. And she had begun to tell herself that the artist loved the picture more tenderly than the real woman of flesh and blood from which he had painted it.

At last, when the light had so far faded that it was difficult for Trengard to see his model clearly, and the lurking shadows, as it were, began to creep out of the corners of the studio, he spoke.

"I can do no more to it," he said, stepping back from the canvas and endeavouring, by shading his eyes, to see whether the mouth on which he had been working were perfectly in drawing. "If I do any more I shall only spoil the thing."

Inez raised herself on her elbow with a sigh of relief, and stretched her limbs from their somewhat cramped position. Her heart was beating so violently that she could almost imagine that its motion was visible to Trengard.

During the long pose she had made up her mind what she would do. She was really a clever woman, as Trengard had told Collinson only a couple of hours or so before, and she had soon learned that "the tyranny of woman's tears" had but a stiffening, and not a softening, effect upon Trengard's resolution.

"But it is not finished," she said. "There is still the left foot to be worked up, and the shoulder next the light is flat."

Trengard seated himself on a backless stool and lit a Dutch cigar. He always smoked if he had an unpleasant duty to perform or was troubled.

"There's not much more to do, *ma belle*," he said slowly. Adding, "I shall not touch it again till a few days before sending it in, and"—he paused a moment before continuing, and the woman sat bolt upright upon the edge of the couch and caught her breath—"and I have decided to go away for a week or so."

He paused to note the effect of his words.

Inez Delforce gave a little catching gasp in her throat, and the colour faded out of her cheeks. Trengard could only see her dimly, but to him her eyes seemed to shine with dilated pupils out of a shadowy, almost grey-white face.

"And me?" she asked, huskily.

For a moment or two Trengard did not reply, and Inez made as though about to speak again.

Through the man's mind was passing in review all that he had decided to say as he climbed up the Butte after leaving Collinson. In the sunshine and the elation which came with it the matter appeared easy of solution. In the gloom and chill of the shadowed studio his nicely arranged phrases and arguments seemed altogether different and difficult of expression.

At last, staring across the sea of shadows which seemed to separate them, he said slowly and hesitatingly, "It's just this way, *ma belle*, now that the 'machine' is finished, I must take a rest, must go away for a time."

"And why should not I go, or stay here?" exclaimed the woman, breaking in. "I who have seen your picture grow, I who have become a part of it. Why should I be turned off, thrown away as though I were a piece of rag upon which you have wiped your brushes? What have I done," she went on passionately, rising up and coming towards him, "that you should seek to turn me off like this?"

In the heart of the man there grew a fear lest this passionate woman, who pleaded with her eyes in the half-gloom as well as with her lips, should after all conquer; should after all succeed in remaining a part of his life.

But Collinson's words, and a memory of another who had laid ambition, and even his genius, upon the shrine of a passing infatuation, came to mind, and braced him against the woman's appeal.

"You cannot understand," he went on slowly, keeping his eyes away from her as she stood like some phantom goddess a pace or two from him. "But it is better, *ma belle*, that we should see no more of each other for the present," he continued,

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A Merry Widow

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Lily Elsie, playing a leading part in the forthcoming production, "The Merry Widow," at Daly's

Since she played the part of the Princess in *The Chinese Honeymoon*, during almost its entire run at the Strand Theatre, Miss Elsie has been most successful in all the rôles entrusted to her. After playing in *Lady Madcap* and *The Little Michus*, she created the part of Lally in *The New Aladdin* at the Gaiety

(*Continued from page 402*)

temporising as many a man in a like situation would have done. Then one of her own gibes, which she had flung at him when first he met her, months ago, came into his mind, and he threw it at her again flippantly to hide his disquietude. "You told me long ago," he said, "that love spoils the artist if it makes the man. And so, if I am to succeed, we must part."

"When I said that," replied the woman slowly, a stab of pain striking her heart, "I did not know. Now I love you, and you cannot mean to part with me thus. Surely you cannot mean it. You cannot mean it!" she cried.

But in the man's face, which she could just see by peering forward across the back of a chair upon which she leaned for support, there was nothing save inevitable determination to be read.

Inez Delforce was a clever woman. She had long ago discovered that Trengard could be led but not driven. She saw now that he was wearied with his work, was anxious to close the interview. That he would not just then be influenced either by pity, remorse, or her appeal. So she turned away with a slight shrug of her shoulders, and a burning flame of mingled chagrin and indignation in her heart.

A few minutes later a tiny gleam crept out shyly into the gloom of the studio. Inez had struck a match to light a candle so that she might see to do her *coiffure* and put on her hat.

Trengard started; he did not turn, however, in her direction, but sat silently smoking, and wondering vaguely why he had been spared the furious outburst that he had anticipated and dreaded.

At length Inez was ready to depart. She had lit a candle, and by its flickering light, which threw a dance of shadows on floor and walls, Trengard could see that great tears stood in her eyes, and that some had coursed their way down her cheeks.

"I am ready," she said, somewhat suddenly; "are you not going to speak to me?"

Trengard got up.

One night, away down at one of the Boulevard cafés, she had looked as she did now after they had quarrelled. And Aristide Brunel, the poet, had ejaculated, "*Mon Dieu!* But that girl is magnificent." And he had written a poem about her, and called it "A Vision of Hecate." Trengard recognised that to-night she was also magnificent as he advanced towards her with his hand outstretched almost shamefacedly.

Inez leaned forward and kissed him. "It is but *au revoir*," she said, "for when you are gone I shall come to the door outside, and remember that you used to be here. And that—we were—I was happy."

Trengard winced.

"I have forgotten something," he said suddenly, turning to the old Louis XVI. bureau in which she knew he kept his money.

Inez clutched his arm. "No, no," she exclaimed, "not that. Not to-night."

Then she leaned forward once more, and kissed him again. And then, with a flash of assumed gaiety, she hurried to the door, and out along the dark passage into the twilight of oncoming night.

Trengard sat down to think.

So this was the end of it all. And he had taken Collinson's advice after all.

* * * * *

Next day, as he scrutinised the "Danae," he detected, as he always did, little defects of workmanship which offended his fastidious taste. He took up his palette and painted all day. Somehow the studio seemed vastly vacant, and once or twice he turned instinctively to the couch on which Inez was accustomed to stretch herself in languorous pose.

For the first time for several weeks he failed to saunter down to the Cabaret des Quat'-z-Arts for an *apéritif*, and M. Trombert, as well as Collinson, remarked upon his absence. The latter feared that Inez had triumphed, and that his friend's failure to appear as usual for a chat and a smoke was attributable to his reluctance to admit his weakness.

All the while, Trengard was working away at his picture in the hope of finishing it in time to allow him to pack up a valise for his departure on the morrow. He had decided to run down to Barbizon, and put in a week sketching in the open air, or merely lazing, as the mood might take him.

As the afternoon grew late, and the light began to fail, he put the last touches to the shoulder which Inez, with unerring judgment, had told him was "flat." Then he cleared up, lighted a lamp, and set to work to put a few things together.

As he was stooping in the corner of the studio near the little door which led into his small bedroom, searching amidst a pile of canvases for a small portmanteau, he thought he heard footsteps coming up the path to the outer door.

He listened. No doubt it was Collinson come to see why he had not turned up as usual earlier in the afternoon. So he went on with his search.

Just as he had succeeded in extracting the portmanteau from beneath the pile, he heard steps come along the passage.

There was a rap on the door; he did not notice that it was not like Collinson's usual summons to open, and he called out "*Entrez!*"

The handle turned, and someone tried to open the door several times unsuccessfully. Then Trengard remembered that it was locked.

"Wait a minute," he called out, and then, putting down the portmanteau, he crossed the studio, and unlocked the door.

In the darkness stood not Collinson, but Inez.

When he saw her, Trengard wondered why it had never occurred to him that Collinson would have rattled the door much more vigorously, and would, on finding it fastened, have summoned him to open with a jest.

Inez pushed her way in.

"You have not done with me yet," she exclaimed, as Trengard stepped aside to let her pass.

The man noticed in a moment that her tone was very different from that of the night before.

"So I see," he replied, somewhat lamely.

Had he not been startled at her coming, and had the studio been better lighted, he would have noticed that on her beautiful face there was a dangerous look of determination.

Then Inez's Southern blood, and the anger which had almost stifled her as she climbed up the Rue des Saules, surged through her veins, and facing Trengard, she poured out a torrent of mingled threats and appeals.

"I refuse to be abandoned. You cannot, surely, intend to cast off a woman who has become devoted to you. Remember, that I will not allow you to go. I love you, and I will not give you up."

The whole gamut of the emotions swept her passionately.

Trengard said nothing, but stood gazing at her almost with contempt. A "scene" was to him detestable, and it invariably stirred his somewhat easy-going nature to revolt.

The woman who leaned against the doorway pouring out this torrent of mingled attack and

(*Continued on page 406*)

"Aira Force, That Torrent Hoarse"

The Most Beautiful Waterfall in the Lake District

Aira Force, on the shores of Ullswater, immortalised by Wordsworth in his poem, "The Somnambulist," has, happily, been acquired for the nation, and so is safe from the desecrating touch of such as delight to exploit, or otherwise interfere, with, the natural charm and grandeur of such beauty-spots. From the pathway at the head of the fall is to be obtained one of the grandest views in the Lake District overlooking Ullswater

(Continued from page 404)

entreaty, if she had ever realised the fact, had forgotten it in her passion.

"What have you got to say?" she cried out fiercely. "You are a coward to stand there listening to me without a word. Stand aside. If you abandon me it is farewell to the picture you love better than me. Stand aside, I say, you wretch!"

Her wrath had mastered every other emotion. The vulgarity of her up-bringing asserted itself not only in her words, but in the high-pitched, coarse accent in her voice.

"Stand aside!"

Trengard shuddered with disgust. This was the woman from whom Collinson had sought to save him.

"Listen to me," exclaimed Trengard, without moving. "Listen to me, I say!"

Inez turned her eyes, now blazing with passion, upon him, and waited.

"I told you everything was at an end last night," continued Trengard. "I was sorry for you then, but now, *Mon Dieu*, I can only feel glad for myself. You see," he swept his hand towards the open portmanteau on the floor in the corner, and the small pile of things on the chair beside it, "I am going away. I don't know when I shall return. Our affair is finished."

"So!" exclaimed Inez, stepping forward. "But I have not finished."

Trengard put out his hand as though to stop her, and for a moment the woman stood as though irresolute. Then she spoke again.

"You think to become too famous for it to be possible for me to be anything save a model, a toy, a thing to be got rid of with a few words. But I will never help you to gain renown, nor shall the picture for which I have posed day after day without complaint."

Some inkling of her purpose must have come to Trengard, for he caught hold of her as she again attempted to pass him.

"Let me by!" cried the woman, hoarsely.

"No, no," he replied. "Not till I know what you have in your hand behind your back."

"Let me by!" cried the woman again.

"No, *Mon Dieu*, no," said Trengard, fiercely.

Inez Delforce drew back a pace. Then there came a glint of something, which, to the startled eyes of the man who saw it, gleamed like a flash of lightning ere it was buried in his breast.

Trengard fell with a sound which was half a groan, half a sigh.

The woman who had struck him knelt at his side, sobered by the sight of the white face staring up into hers from the floor.

Then, with a strange insistence, his words "Our affair is finished" seemed to ring in her ears.

With a shudder, and with her head averted, she pulled the dagger out of the wound. As she felt the saw of its edge against the cloth, she gave a little scream of fright. Then, without another glance at the prostrate figure, she stepped across to the easel on which the large canvas stood, for her work of revenge was not yet done.

In the silence of the studio came the sharp ziz-ziz-ziz of slit canvas, and the "Danae" hung a mass of ribbon-like, trailing tatters from its stretcher.

Then the inevitable revulsion seized her. With the last stroke of the knife, every spark of passionate revenge seemed to die out of her breast.

The dagger was one she had taken a day or two before from off the shelf, where it lay forgotten with odds and ends of *bric-à-brac*, and now she threw it away, as though it burned her, into a corner, where it fell with a ring of steel on the parquet floor.

Then she rushed across the studio, and threw herself on her knees beside Trengard.

She covered his face with kisses, and sought to staunch with her handkerchief the flow of blood which was already darkly staining his clothing.

Then, as he neither moved nor spoke, nor answered her passionate appeal to him to look at her, but only stared up at her with eyes over which a film seemed already to have gathered, she suddenly realised her own danger.

The primal, untutored instinct of self-preservation seized her, and set her limbs quaking.

She must flee from that horrible thing which she had been caressing but a few moments before. Flee ere someone discovered what she had done. There was no time to lose.

She sprang up. Into her mind came a dim recollection of what criminals sometimes did to escape detection, to throw the police agents off the scent. She had read somewhere that they often took valuables to make it appear that the motive was robbery, when it was really something else.

She turned to the bureau, where she knew Trengard kept his ready money. It was unlocked. She pushed up the lid with trembling fingers. In a half-open drawer she saw the dull glint of gold. She turned her head away instinctively towards the dead as though to assure herself that he was not watching her. Then, with a half-stifled cry, she took a handful of coins out, and thrusting them into her pocket, let them fall heavily through her fingers.

Then she fled, never casting another glance at the inert, staring thing that had ten minutes before been alive and speaking with her.

She only stopped to close the door, turn the key in the lock and take it out, and then she sped along the passage and out into the cool fresh air of the night as though pursued by the man she had slain.

"Whither, whither shall I go?" kept beating in her brain, as she ran along the little lane, out into the Rue Ravignan, and then down the hill towards the Rue des Saules, sinister and tortuous in the gloom.

When she reached her lodging in a tiny byway off the Rue Caulaincourt, she climbed the dirty stairs, and locked herself in her room. Then she poured out some water and washed her hands over and over again by the light of a solitary candle, though there was no stain of her crime upon them. Then she sat on her bed to think. Ideas would not come, only the one thought that "The affair is finished." It was finished, but not as the man had thought. Then she laughed hysterically, until her neighbour, a poor, broken-down, literary hack, who was hammering out some ribald verses for *La Gaudriole*, knocked irately on the wall and shouted at her to be silent.

Then she realised that she must flee. She hastily thrust some necessaries into a small, canvas-covered valise, and crept away down the stairs. She remembered to leave her week's rent on the dressing-table. It would prevent the landlord troubling himself to make inquiries regarding her disappearance.

How she made her way to the Gare St. Lazare she knew not. But just as Paris was becoming one blaze of light, the night train for the West of France steamed out of the station, and in the corner of an otherwise unoccupied compartment cowered a white-faced, terror-stricken woman, who started at every sound, and strove to hide her hands in the folds of the dress she wore.

In the silent studio up on the Butte, Trengard lay stiff and still, waiting till Collinson should come whistling along the passage to see if the affair were finished.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

By Ways Remote and Hidden

"BYSTANDER" READERS IN LONELY RETREATS

(10s. 6d. *is paid for each photograph published of readers in out-of-the-way spots*)

(1) Campaigning in Baluchistan

The sender, CAPT. C. A. ROSSMALECOCQ, Quetta, Baluchistan, writes: "The photo is of a group of British officers operating against the Marri Tribe. It was taken at Kahan, to which spot no troops have been since a British force was annihilated there seventy years ago"

(2) The Planter's Leisure Hour

A Ceylon tea planter with his two chief delights—his dog and his BYSTANDER. "I hope," says the sender, MR. A. E. WALFORD, of Mount Vernar, Kotagala, Ceylon, "that this photo, taken on an off-day, will not give people at home the idea that planting is too easy a life. It is *not*"

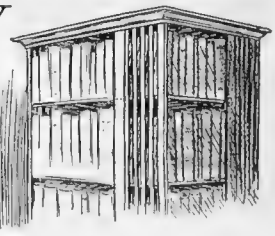
(3) A Double Début: On a Coral Island

MR. A. S. BRASK, Chief Engineer, Royal Siamese Mail s.s. *Ardang*, writes: "I took this photograph on the Coral Island of Pulau-Kapas, off the coast of Tringaun, Malay States. This is probably the first time the isle has been visited by a European lady, and certainly it was the BYSTANDER'S first appearance there"

(4) In Equatorial Africa

MR. F. SPIRE, Acting Sub-Commissioner, Nile Province, Uganda, writes: "I am sending you a photo of a healthy young male lion, who, at 5.30 p.m., while presumably on his way to water, passed within sixty paces of my camp on the bank of the Equatorial Nile. A '303 bullet dropped the beast in his tracks"

THE LIBRARY



Books to Order This Week

"The Vigil." By Harold Begbie. (Hodder: 6s.)
"Ballooning as a Sport." By Major Baden-Powell. (Blackwood.)
"Love—and All About It." By Frank Richardson. (Grant Richards: 1s.)

"The Vigil"

I was not one of the admirers of Mr. Harold Begbie's novel, "The Priest," published early in the year—disliking its prejudiced imputations against the Roman Church—and, therefore, it is with exceptional pleasure that I am able to testify admiration of its successor, *The Vigil* (Hodder: 6s.). Here, Mr. Begbie has a strong religious "purpose," but one entirely free from sectarian prejudice. His hero, Richard Rodwell, is the average type of High Church cleric, cultured, high alike in mind and in moral purpose. The trend of the story is to show how, though animated with the loftiest sense of religious duty, a good man may yet fail in an emergency to carry the message of Salvation to the heart of the sinner. Rodwell has done splendid work in his Cornish mining town of Bartown; has introduced new religious life, where before, all was the blackness of vice; has gained the ear of the scoffers, won to his side the waverers, and rid himself of the Pharisaical nuisances. Suddenly, he is summoned to the bedside of a dying drunkard, and invited to say the few words which shall bring God to the sinner's heart. He repeats the usual formulæ, offers the usual sacrament—without, however, being able to effect the conversion the dying man seeks for himself. Finally, he admits failure, and makes way for a Dissenter, who does what the Churchman fails to do. There is no indictment of the Church as an Institution. The reflection is rather on the type of mind which is common to all orthodox faiths—which believes rather in the machinery than in the motive-power of religion, which worships the Church itself rather than the personality of its Founder. Rodwell himself, however, a reasoning and introspective man, sees wherein lies his weakness, and when, later on, the town is overwhelmed by a frightful catastrophe in the destruction by an explosion of its only factory, he comes out in a newer light, as the veritable Saviour of a whole community. Incidental to the narrative is the character of Beatrice Haly, the heiress beloved of Rodwell, but to whom, owing to his celibate vows, he cannot propose marriage. Beatrice takes up residence in the same town as the parson's "district visitor." A powerful and fascinating character in the offing is that of the Squire, Horder, a fine specimen of the aristocratic rapscallion, high-living, high-drinking, a man of the open air, of wild feats in the field. Horder's "past" furnishes material for a mildly melodramatic inner plot, and sustains the attention of the reader, who is not so much interested in the ethical points involved in the story. The other village types are quaint and humorous, and, on the whole, *The Vigil* combines the qualities of the "novel with a purpose" with dramatic and personal interest, in so strong a fashion as to mark Mr. Begbie out for a distinctive place in the fiction of the day.

Photo *Elliott and Fr*

Mr. Harold Begbie

The well-known journalist and author. His new novel, "The Vigil," is a great advance on his previous book, "The Priest," being notably stronger and of broader texture

Ballooning as a Sport

Exactly wherein lies the *sport* of ballooning has always been rather an obscure point with the average man. Regarding the balloon as but an antiquated method of aeronautics, doomed to be superseded by the flying machine or the aeroplane, the balloonist is supposed by him to rank with the tight-rope performer or the acrobat—an adjunct of the freak entertainment world. Major Baden-Powell's little book, *Ballooning as a Sport* (Blackwood), gives a few valuable notions in clearance of the subject. The Major tells us wherein lies the fascination of ballooning, describes the delightful sensations of cloud-cruising at the wind's mercy. As has been often said before, but without much impressing the public, the danger is not in going *up* in a balloon, but in coming down in one. Major Baden-Powell emphasises the entire safety of the actual stay in the air, and the practical impossibility of accident, reminds us of the numerous occasions when the actual bursting of the balloon in mid-air has merely converted the affair into a parachute and landed its navigators earthward in complete safety. The actual sport, or pleasure, of "balloonacy" is not, as some suppose, in incurring risks to life. The best balloonist is he who stays longest in the clouds, and descends with the least possible danger or even discomfort. So far from the element of danger being courted by balloonists, one might almost dub theirs a sport for sybarites. The only danger-seekers among balloonists are the science cranks who scour dizzy heights for phenomena. Major Baden-Powell's book contains, at the end, some invaluable figures of interest to the would-be amateur balloonist, as to the cost of the fascinating hobby.

Henry VIII. on Love

Mr. E. Grant Richards has issued, in an attractive form, *The Love Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.* The letters are those written after Anne had been banished from Court, Henry imploring his mistress, in impassioned terms, to return to him. The issue is limited to 200 volumes.

Also Mr. Frank Richardson

Under the same cover, I received *Love—and All About It*, by Frank Richardson What Mr. Richardson's emotions will be on the fact becoming thus publicly known that *his* views on love have issued forth in the company of the views, on the same subject, of an individual so notoriously addicted to certain facial fittings of a hirsute nature as Henry, I do not quite like to think. Be that as it may, reading Mr. Richardson's random utterances, I could not but think, as I passed, how very much better they would read if he wrote them, not in the jerky, pseudo-American style, but in the picturesque orthography which did so well for the amorous, if whiskered, Henry. Take any old paragraph, and see if it is not so—for instance, this one, which I translate from p. 64 :

> Ye prudente minne who marryes ye riche Womynne, and wantes to make her happie, will compelle her to settle her entyre Yncome on hymme. . . . He wantes to make her happie, and he knowes there will be no joye for her in smellynge hymme smoke "Pyckwyckes," or in his suing on his knees for paltrie halfe-crownes. . . . A ryche womynne s hurte in her proper pryde to finde she has married a poore lyare. The abilitie to lie successfullie is one of the moste necessarie of the domestick virtues.

I trust Mr. Richardson will avail himself without delay of the hint. For the sands are running out. Every day brings us nearer to the shrivelling-up of the last whisker on the last old-man face. Soon there shall be no face-fungi in all the land. Then—then, where the wit of Richardson's revilement? Again, soon every aspirant wit will disport himself in short, Litany-like sentences, interlarded with pseudo-Americanisms, and tired editors will look about them for the new thing. Mr. Richardson is young, as humorists go. To remain a *flaneur* is his obvious destiny, for, from end to end of his published work, I detect not one word of serious purpose such as might, one day, get him on to the *Daily News*, into Parliament, or any of the other refuges of retired humorists. Therefore, I propose that this bright and bracing writer should, ere time turns the inverted eyebrow on his upper lip grey and furry, find a new style—and there are points in that of old-man Henry.

Photo *Stephanie Maud*

Major Baden-Powell

(Brother of the famous General). His book, "Ballooning as a Sport," is published by Messrs. Blackwood

Thackeray as Editor

Of recent reprints, an attractive issue is that of Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers* (by Messrs. Macmillan), written for the *Cornhill* during those two brief, but brilliant, years in which "W. M. T." was its guiding star. One regrets that the leisurely, nonchalant style of essay, of which these are, doubtless, the finest latter-day examples, has almost entirely passed away. Perhaps the most interesting of the series are the papers in which Thackeray tells of his editorial troubles while at the *Cornhill*—notably in that entitled "Thorns in the Cushion." Here, if I may change metaphors, one sees, to the full, how uneasy lies the head of the literary celebrity when it is called on to wear the journalist's crown. Afflicted, as your really great writer needs must be, with a heart proportionate in size to his talents, Thackeray found the tugs at its strings altogether too tight for more than brief endurance. Ordinary mediocre editors do not suffer the curse which Thackeray suffered of being pestered privately by would-be authors, by being dunned, as individuals, for alms. John Smith, the able but obscure editor of the average paper, has a short and sharp method of dealing with nuisances of this kind. He has no fear of personal revenges, for how many know him in his private life? The editor, however, who bears a great name, dare not deal out such sharp justice, even did his heart sanction such a course, and suffering must needs be his lot.

Frivolosophy

Reflections of a Frivolous Philosopher is the attractive title of a little book by Mr. Carl le Foin (publishers, Forster, Groom and Co.). Mr. le Foin gives us here some paradoxes, resembling in a measure those of the smart youth rather than of the man of the maturer years to which he, somewhere, confesses. The vice of consistency, the value of illusions, the fallacy of tact are some of his little nostrums. Knowing that they represent the definite convictions of a man who has lived most of his life, these will be digested by a reader with the care and respect which would scarcely be extended to the same sentiments coming from callow youth.

Merry Month Poetry

This being the "merry month" (according to the calendar), two welcome little volumes of poetry are *The Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air* and *Poems of Nature*, the former published by Mr. Grant Richards, and illustrated with the notation of some of the most alluring of English folk songs, the latter by Routledge. It is surprising to be thus reminded of what a very large proportion of our national poetry *is* about the Open Air, even though one comes down the ages from Chaucer to Browning, William Morris, Henley, and John Davidson.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Golf Notes and Notions

Some Spring Meetings and the Amateur Championship

We are now fast approaching the great amateur event of the year. The next number of THE BYSTANDER will find us in the thick of the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews. It is, therefore, a convenient moment to consider the results of some of the Spring Meetings of the great clubs, North and South, so as to get some indication of the present form of the likely competitors. The Hoylake Meeting has shown us that the cracks of the Liverpool Club are going strong, for the outstanding scores of the two days were all returned by Messrs. Hilton, Graham, J. Ball, and C. E. Dick. These four are the players on whom Liverpool men have relied in the past, and they are likely once more to give a good account of themselves. I particularly welcome Mr. Hilton's fine scores of 78 and 79 as proving that that great player is recovering his old form. It has to be remembered, however, that the Hoylake players do not like St. Andrews links, and that only one of their number, Mr. Hilton, has ever won the Amateur Championship there. Perhaps Mr. Graham, if he can find during next week that wonderful form which he showed us during last year's Open Championship, will gratify the hopes of his admirers by at length carrying off an honour which his extraordinary powers and gifts in the game ought to have secured for him several years ago. Whether Mr. Hutchings is going to try his luck this year I do not know. He has been playing at Pau during the winter, and possibly his love of St. Andrews will lure him back into the ranks.

The Lady Golf Champion: Miss May Hezlet

Who beat her sister, Miss F. Hezlet, in the Ladies' Golf Championship, at Newcastle, County Down, by 2 up and 1 to play. Miss Hezlet also won the Championship in 1899 and 1902

The Sunningdale Meeting

Seeing that last year the young Sunningdale Club electrified us all by providing three of the four medal winners at Hoylake, the Spring Meeting of that rising club has to be watched. A young player in whom I take an avuncular interest, Mr. G. C. Campbell, came out very strongly by returning the fine winning score of 76 on the second day. He was hunted home very closely by the Hon. O. Scott with a 77.

Mr. Lingen returned an 81, but I find no trace of Mr. Smirke, nor of Mr. Colt, who was, no doubt, too busy with his duties as secretary to be able to play. All these whom I have named will, no doubt, prove tough morsels for their antagonists, though, of course, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Scott belong by rights to the Royal and Ancient and the Royal North Devon Clubs respectively.

St. Andrews

Mr. Campbell proved the consistency of his present form by winning the Spring Medal of the premier club after a tie with Mr. James Younger, jun., both returning the sound score of 82. I have great hopes, therefore, that Mr. Campbell will show up well next week. St. Andrews is his native heath in the matter of golf, and he ought to know every inch of it. He has a fine free style, and hits the ball very hard, getting a tremendous length for one of such a short stature as his. There were a considerable number of notable absentees from St. Andrews during the Spring Meeting. Messrs. Laidlay, J. B. Pease, Norman Hunter, Edward Blackwell, and R. Maxwell were all away, and it is not, therefore, possible to get a line as to their immediate form. Both Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Maxwell have, however, recently shown, at North Berwick and Muirfield, that their play is as good as ever, while Messrs. Horace Hutchinson, Mure Fergusson, and C. K. Hutchison were well to the fore at Sandwich, as readers of my articles describing the Easter Meeting of the St. George's Club will remember.

A Possible Winner

A popular winner would be Mr. Edward Blackwell. Now that, like James Braid, he has become a good putter, his formidable length from the tee and through the green ought to make him practically irresistible. St. Andrews, of course, suits him as no other course does, while the added length of the holes is all in his favour. I expect that the "auld grey toun" will pin her faith on him, and there would be a veritable orgy of rejoicing if he should manage to win. An International flavour will be imparted to the meeting by the presence of the American Amateur Champion, Mr. E. M. Byers, who impressed us all so favourably three years ago at Sandwich. Will history repeat itself? The omens point that way, as Mr. Travis had won the American Amateur event in the year preceding his triumph at Sandwich. If Mr. Byers should repeat the record, I am sure that all our men will be among the first to congratulate him.

The Ladies' Open Championship

This is the third time that Miss May Hezlet has secured the Ladies' Open Championship, so that she now takes rank with Lady Margaret Scott, who achieved Championship honours during the first three years of the institution of the event. The final this year was fought out to a very close finish by the sisters Hezlet, Miss May beating her younger sister, Miss Florence, by the small margin of 2 and 1. My most cordial congratulations go to Miss May Hezlet, who has proved once more that the Irish lady golfers can look after their affairs only too well.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Our Golfing Legislators

SOME SNAPSHOTS AT THE LORDS *v.* COMMONS MATCH AT RYE

Sir K. Muir Mackenzie (House of Lords) Driving

Mr. Balfour Driving at the Second Tee

Mr. R. K. Causton, the Paymaster-General, Driving from the First Tee

Lord Ribblesdale Driving

Lord Ridley Driving to the Eighth Green

The Seventeenth Annual Parliamentary Handicap between golfing members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons took place last week on the fine course of the Rye Golf Club. One hundred and sixteen members entered for this competition, although twenty-three scratched at the last moment

Bulbs After Flowering

As soon as bulbs planted in beds near the lawn begin to look shabby, gardeners are in a hurry to get rid of them. Of course, if they are not to be used again, there is no objection to moving them at once; but, if they are, they must be allowed to complete their growth. For, as may be seen by dissecting a bulb in summer and examining it under the microscope, next year's flowers are formed in embryo this year; and if, by premature disturbance or any other cause, their formation is prevented before growth is completed, nothing that can afterwards be done will make the bulbs bear flowers next Spring. They must be permitted to remain where they are until the leaves begin to wither; and if they are actually growing in the grass, the leaves must not be cut off until they turn brown. If this produces an untidy effect, it cannot be helped. It will only be for a few weeks. There is no need to wait until the leaves are completely withered. When they have lost the greater part of their original green, the bulbs may, if desired, be carefully lifted, by means of the trowel, with some soil adhering to them, and laid in a corner to finish ripening. The process of withering is a very interesting one. The chlorophyl, to which the green colour is due, is not wasted; it, together with other valuable materials in the leaves, gradually descends to the stem or bulb, and is there stored up for future use. This fact adds to the importance of letting the growth run its normal course.

Carpe-Beds Edged with Sempervivums

One of the neatest and most effective edgings for carpet-beds consists of sempervivums, a race of succulent plants also admirably adapted for the rockery. Their thick leaves store up water, and they are thereby enabled to endure long periods of drought

Spring Bedding

As soon as the ground is cleared of bulbs, preparations for Spring bedding may begin, though it is yet too early to put out any very delicate plants. Still, digging and manuring should be done at once, and all arrangements made so that when the time comes there may be no hitch. For carpet-beds, one of the neatest and most effective edgings consists of sempervivums, a race of succulent plants which are also admirably adapted for the rockery. In their thick, fleshy leaves they store up water when they can get it, and in this way they are enabled to endure without injury long periods of drought. There are many different species, some hardy, like the common house-leek, which is often seen on the roofs of old cottages; others tender, like Sempervivum tabulæfrome, a species from Madeira, which is frequently used in summer bedding. For the same purpose, S. calcareum, an Alpine species, is also excellent, though, as the name indicates, it grows best in a chalky soil. The rosettes of green leaves are tipped with reddish-brown. The cobweb house-leeks are an interesting group, the tips of the leaves being connected by silky threads like a spider's web. S. arachnoideum is the commonest of them, but there is a variety, Laggeri, which is very much finer. The majority of the house-leeks will grow almost anywhere, but they prefer a dry and sandy soil. They increase rapidly by means of offsets. They may also be propagated without much difficulty by seed.

H. C. Davidson.

"Our Sons"

A new edition of a little book of great interest to parents, *Our Sons: Their Start in Life*, has just been issued by the *Guardian* Office (price 2*s.* 6*d.*). It consists of articles reprinted from *The Guardian*, and besides giving useful information with regard to the public schools, the universities, and the professions, two interesting chapters deal with surveying and farming, two spheres which are too often left out of reckoning by parents.

Games and Pastimes

THE WIESBADEN LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT. By A. F. WILDING

Lawn Tennis at Wiesbaden

The Wiesbaden Tournament was concluded last week in brilliant weather. Socially, it was an enormous success, being aided by the German Emperor's presence, and by the beautiful sunshine enjoyed every day. Each afternoon the courts were crowded, and presented a very beautiful sight. The nine courts are situated in the midst of a wood, and a grass terrace, on which the spectators sit, gradually slopes down to the level of the courts. It is regrettable that, from a playing point of view, the standard fell short of last year's. Froitzheim, the German champion, who defeated Ball-Greene at Homburg last year, and several other of the leading German players, were unable to be present. Everyone was very pleased to witness the excellent form displayed by G. M. Simond. Owing to a slight indisposition here last year, he did not show a glimpse of his true form. However, he has amply atoned for this failure by carrying off no fewer than three first prizes. A. F. Wilding won the two Open Singles, and, in conjunction with Simond, the Doubles. Frau Neresheimer won the Ladies' Championship by defeating Miss Salusbury in the final. She also won the Mixed Doubles with Mr. Simond. The courts at Wiesbaden are among the finest on the Continent, and are kept in the very best condition by Herr Meyer, who combines the arduous duties of Platze master and professional player with great success. Although they do not require so much attention as grass, these sand courts need a great deal of preparation. To insure a perfect surface, raking, watering, and rolling are necessary three times during a hard day's play. In Germany this work is always done by an army of ball boys, who go through their day's toil both cheerfully and well. During the last three years the Germans and Austrians, in particular, have made rapid strides in tennis. The time when English players carried a spare trunk abroad with them is over. From an English point of view, it is getting serious. The Germans are improving the general standard of their game from year to year, but what are we doing in England? Standing still, or, as many old wiseacres will tell you, going back? Again, the Continental experts are developing a nice, free, forcing game, a style with no limits to its possibilities. They are gradually cultivating a cool head, so necessary an adjunct in lawn tennis, and yet, until recently, so seldom found in our brothers across the Channel. The time is not very far distant when Germany will be able to hold her own in a team-match on sand courts against any country in the world. All the best German players are under twenty-four years of age, and the brothers Kreuzer are under twenty. This fact will tell in years to come.

A. F. WILDING.

The Tournament Season Begins

The distinction of holding the first open tournament of the season on grass reverts this year to Surbiton, where the Surrey Championship Meeting commenced on Monday last,

Photo *A. F. Wilding*

The Wiesbaden Lawn Tennis Tournament: A group of onlookers at a corner of one of the courts

and is now in full swing. When the Reading Tournament was first instituted, three or four years ago, it was placed in front of Surbiton, and kept that position until last year. But it was felt that the second week in May was rather early for a tournament, not only because of the vagaries of the weather, but also because players had barely had time to get into practice, and accordingly Reading has this year been shifted right on into July, and Surbiton becomes the curtain-raiser. The list of lady competitors (as is generally the case at Surbiton) is quite an imposing one, including as it does Mrs. Chambers, the lady champion of England (*née* Miss Douglass), Miss Wilson, Miss Lowther, Miss Morton, Miss Boothby, Miss Greene, Miss Pinckney, Miss Tulloch, Miss M. Coles, Mrs. Sterry, and Miss Hughes D'Aeth.

The Venue of the 'Varsity Match

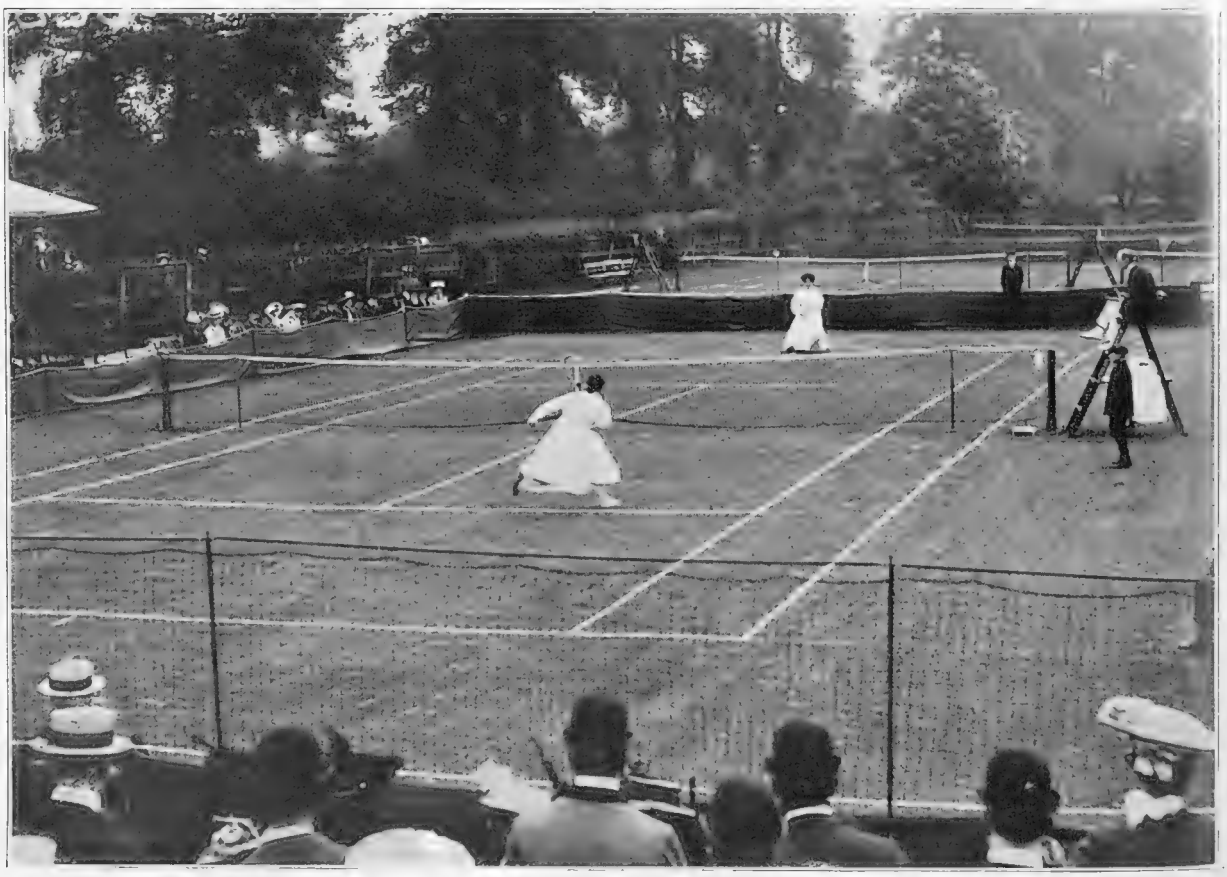
I was very glad to hear, in the course of recent visits to Oxford and Cambridge, that the new arrangement made last year, under which the 'Varsity match is to be played on the two 'Varsities' grounds in alternate years, is not likely to become permanent. When the arrangement was announced, I did not like the idea of it at all, because, in my view, all 'Varsity matches ought to take place on neutral grounds; and I am glad to find that the present Oxford president, for one, is quite of my way of thinking. The match was played at Oxford last year, and, therefore, naturally enough, Cambridge are entitled to any benefit that may be likely to accrue to them from being "at home" this year. But next year, when each will have had one turn, I hope that the old neutral-ground plan will be revived.

Playing to Empty Benches

All the same, there was a reason, and a pretty good one, for abandoning the old plan. It was that the match was so badly supported by the public. For years and years, not only at Queen's, where it has been most often held, but at one or two other places to which it has been temporarily transferred, the games were watched by a mere handful of spectators, consisting mainly of the sisters, cousins, and aunts of the combatants, and this lack of public interest was not without its influence on the players; for there is something very depressing in the thought that you are doing your level best for a side in which it is no small honour to be included, and yet that hardly a soul cares about coming to see you do it. Accordingly, the plan of playing alternately at Oxford and Cambridge was tried, with the object of getting a gate, and livening things up generally, and I am bound to say that, so far as that object goes, it is working well. This, however, is not sufficient to shake my conviction that, as a matter of principle, the 'Varsity match ought to be played on a neutral ground.

The Importance of 'Varsity Tennis

When you come to think of it, it is really very odd that people, or at any rate Londoners, take so little interest in 'Varsity lawn tennis, for from the 'Varsities has come a large percentage of the game's greatest players. Take, as a solitary instance, the Dohertys. How many people can say with me that they saw both "R.F." and "H.L." play his first match for Cambridge against Oxford? And yet they were beautiful players, even in those early days, and anybody with half an



The Surbiton Lawn Tennis Ground, where the first open tournament of the grass season is in progress this week

Income Tax

How It May Be Recovered.

A New Treatise on the above has just been published.

Post Free on mentioning *The Bystander*, from

London & Paris Exchange Ltd

Income Tax Recovery Dept.,
26-27, Charles Street, St. James',
London, S.W.

HEALTH
is worth preserving.

FERNET-BRANCA
BITTERS.

A marvellous Tonic and Digestive. Just a spoonful in water or coffee has immediate effect. These famous Bitters are recommended by medical men as an invaluable appetiser.

Fernet Branca of Fratelli Branca (Branca Bros.) of Milan.
Agents: Bowen & McKechnie, London, E.C.

DUST-COATS FOR MOTORISTS.

THERE is no more useful garment for the motorist, at this time of year, than a handy dust-coat; a coat you can slip on easily, and, if necessary, stow away under the seat without worrying about it. DRYKITT, LTD., who are specialists in motor-clothing, are makers of a dust-coat which combines all the essentials of the ideal motoring garment. They will be happy to send specimen coat on receipt of a postcard.

PRICES:

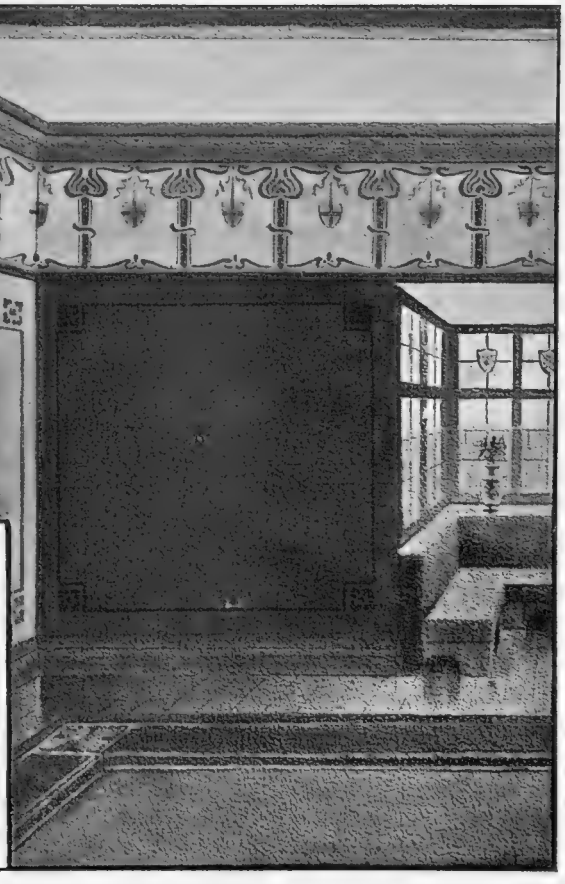
Ladies' - - - 12/6
Gentlemen's - 7/6

ADDRESS:

Drykitt Ltd.

369, Oxford St., London, W.
(Near Bond St. Tube Station.)

HALL'S Sanitary Washable DISTEMPER



WALLS ARE A PICTURE IN THEMSELVES and add greatly to the fine effect of furniture and pictures when coated with HALL'S DISTEMPER. The flat uniform tints easily make most pleasing colour schemes.

The material is sold ready to mix with water in **73** distinct colours. It is applied with a whitewash brush at one-third the cost of paint. It is not affected by light, heat, or damp, and does not crack, blister, or turn black.

Ask your decorator to show the series of artistic stencil friezes similar to the one shown in this advertisement, which the trade can now obtain from the sole Proprietors and Manufacturers,

SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., HULL.

London Office—199B, Borough High Street, S.E.

eye could see that they would go far. But the public never discovered them until they came to the front at Wimbledon. Then, again, who is the player who has made the greatest strides during the last two or three years? Undoubtedly Wilding, a Cantab. Where are all the most promising players at the present time to be found? Some are at Oxford and Cambridge, and nearly all the rest have only recently "come down" from one or other University. When people once begin to realise that many a 'Varsity match has an important bearing upon future events they will pay more heed to what Oxford and Cambridge men are doing—and they will find plenty to interest them.

The Old Blunder Again

I always insist so rigidly in THE BYSTANDER upon lawn tennis being called by its proper name, and not "tennis," that last week some zealous but misguided person, thinking that he was making a necessary correction which I had overlooked, altered the heading "Tennis," which I had correctly written over some notes on the tennis championship, to "Lawn Tennis"—thereby perpetrating a time-honoured howler which I must ask my readers, with many apologies, to excuse.

Motors Maritime

Although only a month old, the Sussex Motor-Boat Club already numbers upwards of one hundred members; and if, as seems probable, it is able to secure from the Corporation of Brighton the proposed site for its new club-house—on the sea-front, where the Aquarium now stands, or, rather, lies buried—there is no reason why, in time, it should not develop into one of the most popular yachting centres on the South Coast. The inaugural luncheon of the club was held at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, on the 11th; and, as the afternoon was delightfully fine, the opening cruise which followed was thoroughly enjoyed, particularly by the club's guests. In fact, everything went by too quickly, except the speeches, which were too long and mostly dull. The luncheon had to be cut short in order to make way for them, and yet they dragged on long after the time appointed for getting afloat. Of course, there were some things which had to be said, and the speech of the chairman, Sir Theodore Angier, was really interesting, because there is nothing worth knowing about motor-boating that he doesn't know. And when he told his hearers that they were among the pioneers of a movement which, in his opinion, would in time completely revolutionise marine propulsion, he struck a note of enthusiasm which was eagerly caught up. But there were several other speakers who prosed quite needlessly, mainly about the amenities and attractions of Brighton, to which most people are fully alive, and my relief was great when I at length found myself listening instead to the purring of a well-behaved engine on Mr. W. J. Flack's *Wema*. After a pleasant run of about an hour's duration, we went ashore again, and were entertained at tea by Mr. Harry Preston at the Royal York, and—as Mr. Pepys hath it—so home. While I am on the subject of the sea, I may mention that *Flandria*, the new Sonderklasse yacht built for H.R.H. Prince Albert of Belgium, bids fair to make quite a name for her designer, M. Grisan, the hon. secretary of the Royal Belgium Y.C. She has already won the Brabo Cup at Antwerp, and the expected meeting between her and the King of Spain's boat will prove an interesting event. H. S. S.

Photo *Topical Agency*

"Flandria," the new yacht built for H.R.H. Prince Albert of Belgium

With this boat, which was designed by M. Grisan, the hon. secretary of the Royal Belgium Yacht Club, he recently won the Brabo Cup at Antwerp

POLO

A Successful Yorkshire Club

Mr. W. C. Harrild, the honorary secretary of the Catterick Bridge Polo, Croquet, and Tennis Club, has kindly sent me some interesting particulars about his club, which is one of the most successful and best managed in the North of England. The Duke of Leeds is the president of the club, which was established some ten years ago, and has in all about 180 polo, croquet, and tennis-playing members. Polo began at Catterick about the middle of April, and the season proper started at the beginning of this month with a handicap tournament. The annual tournament, open to teams from any club affiliated to the County Polo Association, is fixed for the week ending July 27. There are two capital boarded grounds, one full-sized, on the banks of the River Swale, about a quarter of a mile from Catterick Bridge Station on the North Eastern Railway, with a pavilion and pony-shed on each ground. Sir James Dale, who runs the Moonlighters team, is on the Catterick committee; and another member of that body is Mr. Herbert Straker, who also used to play regularly in London a few years ago. Mr. Harrild, the energetic honorary secretary of the club, was, in the early 'nineties, in Mr. Buckmaster's Cambridge University team. L. V. L. S.

HEAL & SON'S

Reproductions of Early Georgian Bedroom Furniture.

Booklet containing Photographs, Prices, and all Particulars sent Post Free on application to

195 etc., TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.

"VINOT"

THE IDEAL TOWN OR TOURING CAR.

ECONOMICAL IN PURCHASE AND UPKEEP.

You are probably now considering the question of what car you will purchase for the coming season and in the multitude of makes which are offered to you, you find it difficult, almost impossible, to come to a decision.

Let us suggest one or two questions you might ask yourself before you decide on your purchase.

FIRST: What is the record of the car?
SECOND: Is it absolutely reliable in every way?
THIRD: What are its hill-climbing powers as compared with other cars of equal horse-power?
FOURTH: Is it smooth and powerful in running, and, withal, economical on tyres?
FIFTH: Is it a silent running car that can compare with an electric carriage for town work, at the same time embodying every point of the perfect touring car for the country?
SIXTH: How does the price compare with that of cars of a similar or even larger horse-power?

These are questions which you must ask yourself, and all of which must be answered satisfactorily before you purchase your car for this season.

"VINOT" RELIABILITY.

To all these questions the "VINOT" CAR gives a complete and satisfactory reply. We can positively assure you that the question of "VINOT" reliability is absolutely assured by past records. The successes of "VINOT" cars in all Reliability Trials are too numerous to detail, but should you be interested in this question we shall be happy to send you our "VINOT" booklet, which will tell you of the "VINOT" VICTORIES.

The "VINOT" Car is entered for the Tourist Trophy this month.

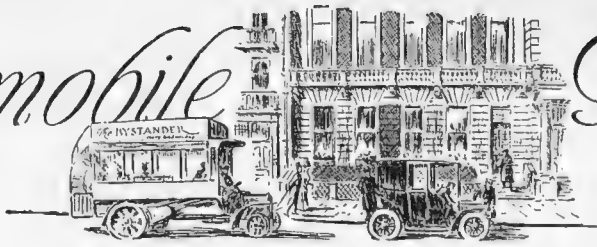
YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO CALL AND INSPECT OUR NEW 1907 MODELS. TRIAL RUNS ARRANGED BY APPOINTMENT.

16-24 h.p. Town or Touring Landaulette, £675

T. J. HARMAN & Co., 20, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Telegrams: "Vinot, London." Telephone: 4762 Gerrard.

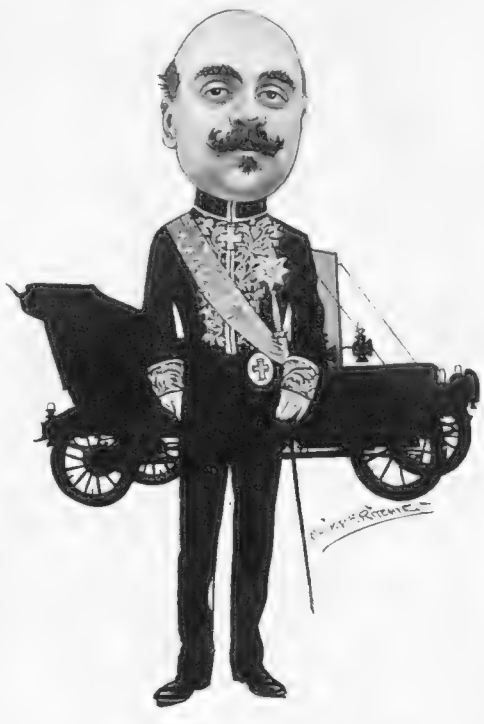
Automobile Topics



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. XXVII.: His Excellency the Marquis de Soveral

Like his august friend, His Majesty King Edward, the Marquis de Soveral, the subject of our Car-icature this week, is a keen and enthusiastic automobilist. His Excellency has been a prominent figure in Society in this country since 1897, when he came to St. James's as Portuguese Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. So far back as 1885, however, M. de Soveral was known in diplomatic and Court circles in this country, when he held the position of First Secretary at the Portuguese Embassy. As a statesman, M. de Soveral has enjoyed a distinguished career, having represented his country in Vienna, Berlin, and Madrid, while from 1895 to 1897 he was Secretary of State for the Foreign Affairs of Portugal. As a practical motorist, M. de Soveral is well aware of the adaptability of the horseless vehicle for all purposes of commercial and military transport, and he has done much to cultivate business relations between this country and his own, especially in commercial engines and marine motors. Portugal offers a promising field for the enterprise of British motor manufacturers, and so long as M. de Soveral continues to represent that country among us we may be assured of a continuance of the amicable relations which now obtain between the two nations. D. M.



Car-icature—No. XXVII.: His Excellency the Marquis de Soveral

The Portuguese Minister, who is a personal friend of the King, besides being a distinguished statesman, is a keen and enthusiastic automobilist. He has done much to cultivate business relations between this country and his own

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Motors and Brighton

The Fiat Company opened their beautiful new premises in the King's Road, Brighton, last Tuesday, and for the inauguration no less than fourteen Fiat cars conveyed their guests to the Royal York Hotel, where the Fiat directors gave an excellent lunch in honour of the occasion. Sir John Blaker, on behalf of the borough, said that Brighton welcomed motorists, and that everything was being done to encourage them by studying their comfort and convenience. Only a few weeks ago I alluded to this very subject in these notes, for there is no doubt that a pleasure resort like Brighton gains a good deal more by cultivating motorists than by persecuting them. I always feel a great deal of sympathy for Brighton, a charming place, whose prosperity has suffered so largely through its misfortune in being served by a railway corporation which entirely fails to study the requirements of its population. The motor is, however, in a growing degree, helping to solve the problem, and, at all events, causes a good deal of money to be spent in "London-by-the-Sea." On the return journey in the Fiat trip, a stop was made at Crawley, where tea was taken at the "George." Our photograph depicts the assembly of Fiat cars outside that famous hostelry.

* * *

The Gyroscope Truck

Probably the model of the railroad truck which Mr. Brennan, of torpedo fame, exhibited last week before the Royal Society, will prove to be the forerunner of an entirely revolutionary principle in traction mechanics. The truck, which runs on a single rail (entirely different from the earlier principle of the monorail), was perfectly steady owing to the properties of gyroscopic action. I understand that experiments are to be made in building motor-cars on the same principle—that is, with the frame built over two wheels, as with the bicycle—and, if they prove successful, the price of cars in the near future will be considerably reduced.

* * *

The Hooded-Van Danger

The other afternoon a large hooded van charged into me, and a collision was only avoided by the merest chance. The van was driven by an individual who was carefully screened from the public gaze. That is to say, he sat far back,

H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

WM. COLE AND SONS, Ltd., Kensington District. New Garage always open. Repairs to all makes. First-class Cars for Hire.—235, Hammersmith Road, and 92, High Street, Kensington. Telephone: 3533 Western.

A Tobacco Uniformly Good

MILD STRENGTH.
1/8 per ¼lb. (air-tight) tins.
Also sold in 1 oz. and 2 oz. packets.

MEDIUM STRENGTH.
1/6 per ¼lb. (air-tight) tins.
Also sold in 1 oz. and 2 oz. packets.

0296

JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Nottingham, will forward

TESTING SAMPLES
post free to applicants mentioning this paper.

Weekly Wins!

By Special Appointment to H.M. The King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

May 11th, 1907.
HUDDERSFIELD A.C. HILL CLIMB.

30 h.p. DAIMLER made FASTEST TIME, beating 60 h.p. six-cylinder ——— car.

May 11th, 1907.
NOTTS A.C. MOTOR MEET.

1st Event.—**WILSON CHALLENGE CUP** won by a DAIMLER. A 60 h.p. six-cylinder Touring Car could only make ⅕ sec. better time than a 30 h.p. DAIMLER. A 40 h.p. six-cylinder of the same make was beaten by 5⅘ sec. by the same 30 h.p. DAIMLER.

2nd Event.—**SCRATCH EVENT.** DAIMLER'S STANDARD TOURING CARS made 2nd, 3rd, and 4th fastest times, being only beaten by 80 h.p. six-cylinder 6¾ in. bore Touring (?) Car, which, however, could only make 1⅕ sec. better time than the DAIMLER Standard Touring Car.

3rd Event.—**MILE HANDICAP.** DAIMLER made fastest time.

— THE —
Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.
COVENTRY: Daimler Works.
LONDON: 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate. **BRISTOL:** 18, Victoria Street. **NOTTINGHAM:** 96-98, Derby Road.

"For Preference."

6
CYLINDER
MINERVA
naturally.

One Reason:
Complete Car, Double Phaeton Body - - - **£850.**

WARWICK WRIGHT, Ltd.
MINERVA PALACE,
110, High Street, Marylebone, W.
Telephone No.: 8574 Gerrard.

The Fiat Motor Run to Brighton

Fourteen Fiat cars, outside the George Hotel, Crawley, *en route* to Brighton

while the roof of the van sheltered him from the elements. To be sure, right above his line of vision was, on each side of the vehicle, a very small pane of glass. There is an L.C.C. regulation which enacts that the driver of a hooded van shall have in front, and on each side, an uninterrupted view of the traffic. Apparently, the vehicle in question passes muster in this respect, the "windows" at the sides certainly permitting an uninterrupted view, if the driver leaves his horse to manage for itself and glues his nose to the glass. Meantime, the hooded van claims many victims. At Burnley quite recently, two little boys were run over and killed by a cart with an obstruction fixed on it which prevented the driver from seeing at the side. The Motor Union informs me that only four towns besides London as yet have any by-law on this subject—viz., Liverpool, Wolverhampton, Bristol, and Cardiff. A Traffic Board would deal with the matter very soon.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miscellanea

This last week-end an enormous meet of the Motor Union took place at Lincoln, at the invitation of the Lincoln Automobile Club—an exceedingly progressive institution. The visitors were welcomed officially by the Mayor.

Over the Whitsuntide holidays the Automobile Association scouts specially patrolled the Great North Road for the Lincoln meeting, and also the route between London and Bexhill for the meeting under the auspices of the Crystal Palace Club.

Mr. A. J. Balfour and Lord Roberts have recently ordered six-cylinder Napiers. Lord Roberts has quite a stud of motors now, including two Daimlers

Apropos of Daimler cars, it is interesting to note that His Majesty the King made use of Daimler cars daily while on his Continental trip. Seeing the large number of excellent makes on the Continent, His Majesty's preference is significant.

We shall publish a special account, with special photographs of the Isle of Man Tourist Trophy races, which commence on May 29

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

6 H.-P. ROVER, side boards and hood, 100 guineas; 12-16 H.-P. LEADER four-cylinder car, bargain at £125; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Cars run by the year.)

The First Appearance of the King of Spain in Public after the Birth of the Crown Prince

The King, on his first appearance, was loudly cheered by large crowds. He is here seen on his Panhard car going to a pigeon-shooting match at the Casa de Campo

Letters from Celebrities.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET ON NERVOUSNESS.

"INDUSTRIAL FARM COLONY,

"DUXHURST,

"DEAR FRIEND, "*April*, 1907.

"Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come into contact with so many who, for these very reasons, fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery, and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may, in a measure, account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble—namely, that your nerve-force is seriously overspent.

"It is important to understand that, in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that, to recuperate the vigour we have lost, we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

"Of course, the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended; but, having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it; but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues, to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"Sanatogen, undoubtedly, restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life, and a feeling of hopefulness, not hitherto experienced.

"When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work, and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner. . . . . .

Isabella Somerset"

The above is an abstract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents widely known. Additional information on the same subject may be obtained from the Sanatogen Company, 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 5*s.*, and 9*s.* 6*d.*

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A Photographic Outfit,
A NEW LENS, CAMERA for the STUDIO, FOCAL-PLANE, TWIN-LENS, or other CAMERA?

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ROSS' New "Homocentric" Lenses are suitable for every Purpose of Amateur and Professional Photography.

To be obtained from
ALL LEADING DEALERS.

ROSS' OPTICAL WORKS, CLAPHAM COMMON, S.W.

HUTCHINSON TYRES

UNSURPASSED FOR
MATERIAL, WORKMANSHIP, AND WEAR.

HIGHLY COMMENDED BY WELL-KNOWN MOTORISTS.

Write or call for List No. 6. Post free.

LONDON: 13, MADDOX ST., W., 70, BASINGHALL ST., E.C.
PARIS: 60, Rue St. Lazare.

NON-SKIDS A SPECIALITY.

T.H.M.

AT THE FIRST MOTOR SHOW IN SPAIN, **MADRID SALON,**

"CONTINENTAL" TYRES

AGAIN PROVED THEIR WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY.

Of all cars exhibited, about

47	per cent.	were	fitted	with **"CONTINENTALS."**
20	,,	,,	,,	"A" Tyres.
17	,,	,,	,,	"B" Tyres.
16	,,	,,	,,	various other makes.

Send all your Tyres for Repairs to our Works at WILLESDEN: HYTHE ROAD, N.W.

FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

To gather a general survey of the *modes* of the season, there is no better place than the first fine Sunday in the Park. One sees there all classes, not to mention the masses, and only by careful comparison is it possible to sift the wheat from the chaff—the latter represented by the vogues too easily acquired by the populace. And this, as I predicted, has very surely fallen to the lot of the detachable kimono *bretelles*. A last year's skirt, a hastily acquired slip, and the obliging *bretelles*, and there you stand in summer attire that has everything to commend it, save exclusiveness. But, after all, an attractive appearance carries immense weight; and I am in the mood to believe that our girls—colloquially, I believe, it should be *the* girls, should it not?—are going to have big opportunities of scoring this summer.

A Design for a Simple Washing Frock

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

The Simple Washing Frock

Fortunately for my peace of mind, it is not required of me to extol the merit of any one particular establishment where the individually inspired, the really tasteful and well-made washing frock can be obtained. As a matter of fact, I could, without a moment's hesitation, reel off half a dozen or more who are specialising in this particular, and making, moreover, a good thing of the game. It is a long-felt want at last really ably supplied, and it will, if I mistake not, lessen, in some degree at least, the claim on greater elegancies—zephyrs, mercerised cottons, and the old-world gingham, the latter in effective check designs. Also, through a private source, I have been put into possession of the fine wearing abilities of a fabric hitherto solely devoted to the services of casement blinds. That this is a linen, or perhaps more probably cotton, goes without saying. It is, moreover, although light, peculiarly fine of texture, does not crush, and washes as the proverbial rag. Thus my informant, and I have no reason to doubt the report, nor yet the cost at something under a shilling a yard, although the width runs a full thirty-one inches. Another ten shillings or thereabouts expended on embroidery or lace of sorts, and the feeblest arithmetician will arrive at the exceedingly moderate cost represented by the whole—always provided, of course, it is made at home, or by the small working dressmaker, both sources I am rather disposed to have "ma doots aboot." Of course, there are capables in either fraternity, but, viewing the subject from a general standpoint, the generous offers made by and accepted by clever *modistes* in this regard decidedly tempts one to leave the more doubtful procedures alone.

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE

ALPACA COSTUME.

Neat Tucked Bolero, with Silk Vest and Collar tastefully braided and edged with Kilted Silk. Bolero lined Silk. Skirt lined Linenette. Made in Black, Navy, Cream, Grey, Cinnamon, Turquoise, and Mauve.

Patterns of Alpaca on application.

PR CE

94/6

Special measurements 10/6 extra.

334-348, OXFORD ST., W.

Phat-Pheet Patterns are Original and Exclusive. Each little Boot and Shoe we make for Children's Wear has some special features which distinguish it from the Ordinary. The difference may be in the Cut, the Shape, the Lining, the thickness of Sole, the depth of Heel—or in dozens of little things—but wherever there are differences they are of Real Value. During sixty years the improvement of Children's Footwear has been matter for our constant thought and care, and there has not been a single practicable discovery or suggestion made which has not been adopted and incorporated into our Models. The 1907 Phat-Pheet Sandals which we are now offering have embodied in them all the good points which have made Phat-Pheet Footwear known in thousands of homes as the best that is made for Children.

Babies' House Sandal.

No. 738.

No. 738 is the HOUSE SANDAL (or Sandalette)—for the Indoor Wear of Babies and Young Children. It is Hand-Made . . has No Heel . . is very Light and Flexible. An important feature is its Undyed Lining. This Model is stocked in Brown Glace and White Suede. Post Free Prices (in U.K.):—

1—3	3½—4	4½	5	5½—6½	7—7½	8—8½	9
3/2	3/6	3/9	3/11½	4/2	4/6	4/9	5/-

Write (mentioning "The Bystander") for Catalogue "P," which illustrates and gives full particulars of Phat-Pheet Footwear.

DANIEL NEAL

AND SONS, Ltd.,

Specialists in Boots and Shoes for Children.

Head Depôt and Country Order Office:

68 & 70, Edgware Road, W.

W.E.S. 41 P.

PHAT PHEET

DON'T PINCH BABY'S TOES

Our original design epitomises delightfully the whole of the above text, in a lilac and white striped cotton, the pretty folded corsage dividing back and front—the V, as goes without saying, much shorter at the back—over a chemisette of piece Valenciennes lace, the lower half ornamented in front with super-posed frills of Valenciennes edging.

For the skirt, graduated cross-way folds are requisitioned, and my prophetic vision completes the whole by one of the *cloche* panamas, draped with chestnut tulle over lilac pink *mousseline* satin ribbon. The belt completing the costume should be of white suéde, with buckle of the same.

Coloured Footgear

The rapidly encroaching advances of coloured footgear cannot for a moment be ignored. The determination that this shall be, is very marked, and enhanced, both in the matter of excellence and prices, by those who have from the first pioneered the notion. As an accompaniment to the coloured summer frock, washing or otherwise, the belief is crystallising seriously that the *souliers en suite* are an imperative need. And be it also speedily known, only the quietest, most unaggressive shapes are accounted *bon ton*. For coloured shoes, the big flap and brobdingnagian buckles are the last details recognised by the elect. Then, too, a large predilection reigns in favour of delicately coloured cloth tops, fitted to a patent leather golosh. These, although by no means new, have acquired a character under the present prevailing atmosphere of approval they have never before possessed.

An Effective Corsage and Coiffure for the Opera

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Reverting to shoes, quite extraordinary colours, such as raspberry red, burgundies, royal blue, and leaf green are accepted with the greatest aplomb, and, keeping well in step with their *confrères*, the hosiers are in a position to meet practically all demands.

White Flower Foliage

Quite six months ago the Parisian world advanced the decorative claims of white flowers and foliage, which were met over here by the usual attitude of disdain, and a disposition to regard it merely as a freakish French fancy. However, it has arrived—such things always do—and the mount of flowers and foliage, natural in every respect, save that they are *tout blanche*, is one of the best accepted tenets of the moment. There are, furthermore, obtainable, blanched cereals, such as oats, wheat, and also grasses, the latter especially feathery and effective in appearance, and peculiarly sympathetic to the adornment of lace and lingerie hats

And apropos of the latter, I have seen some individual designs destined for river wear fashioned of Paisley *mousseline* very delicately coloured, and following the lines of a Romney shape; others, equally irresistible, revealing a mass of lace frills, piled lightly the one over the other, with crowds of soft-falling satin ribbon at the one side.

The Doom of the White Glove

That this should have arrived with the summer is just one of those glaring inconsistencies beloved of *La Mode*, that no one, man or woman, can fathom. But the fact remains that the white glove is fast disappearing into the realms of the populace, just double the price being asked in the Paris shops for beige and pale grey suéde to the white variety, which has been frankly lowered to clear.

And the whole truth of the matter is, the vogue has been worried to death, and the eye grown tired to weariness of the great expanse of white clothed arms, necessitated by the curtailed sleeve. So far, however, the change in gloves evinces no indications other than to resolve into faint neutral tints. Biscuit with *neige* points are foremost among the selected fancies, and are infinitely becoming to the hand, while according equally with white or coloured toilettes. Obviously, *La Mode* is determined to work clear of any groove into which we have fallen both in respect of hand and foot-gear.

Dress at the Opera

For a moment I was tempted to fall into derisive criticism over the hybrid toilettes that collected at Covent Garden during the cycle. For the problem has yet to be solved how the average woman, who does not live within the radius of a mile or so, and is not, moreover, possessed of an automobile, is to dress at five o'clock in the afternoon, dine out, and return for the completion of the great masterpieces, presenting always an appearance consistent with the moment. All this requires deep thought. Meanwhile, for normal performances, the Opera bodice, forming the subject of the second sketch, comprises a drapery of maize Liberty satin, over an under-bodice of chiffon, the sleeves upheld by a chaplet wreath of silver leaves, a similar wreath being worn as a finish to the classically arranged *coiffure*.